McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor. | OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY | TERMS: $1.25 Per Year.

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WET WEATHER HOLDS BACK BIG FAIR.

But Prospects are Bright For To-day and To-morrow.

MANY BIG ATTRACTIONS ARE HERE

Wonderful Displays in All of The Departments—The Midway is Big and Exceptionally Good—The Hippodrome is Making a Big Hit—Good Racing Card for To-day and To-morrow—Athletic Sports Friday—Political Speakers and Politicians Much in Evidence.

Provided the holes in the clouds are soldered up in time, McKean county will have a really first-class up-to-date fair. The weather alone will be responsible for anyone's not getting his money's worth this year. With lowering clouds and a dull, gloomy and unpropitious day, the attendance yesterday was sufficient to indicate that under normal weather conditions the fair will be great success. Notwithstanding the heavy rainfall during the past few days the track had drained itself sufficiently to pull off the running races, the riderless horse winning against a running horse, Roman standing races and chariot races, together with exhibits of shooting and dexterious lassoing by representatives from the Wild West show on the grounds. The association had provided a very interesting race between four beautiful gray hounds and a running horse which proved itself unusually interesting.

It is a matter of congratulation that the association covered the major portion of the grounds with cinders as visitors are no longer bothered with mud, for in spite of the recent rains the main thoroughfares are perfectly dry.

As usual, but particularly in Presidential years and strikingly noticeable this year, the fair is the mecca for the politicians. There were, however, no pickpockets nor yeggmen reported. The activity of the politicians, however, made up for this deficiency, for there were all of the 57 varieties—long and short, old and young, rich and poor, fat and lean, immodest and modest, standpatters and Bull Moosers. Demmies and Prohis—all having the salve pot and all passing it out facetiously or modestly, but all passing it around—all giving their life history or being eulogized by their friends, and all simply perfect from the set of their feet and kink in their knees to the beautifully arranged hair or lack of it, on their shapely and lofty craniums.

We need not panegyrize the ballyho men, they are all here barking their shows and wares, from the hot dog to the toy gun that killed it; from the really first-class Wild West show to the East Indian fakir. The barkers are here to bark and the visitors to be barked at; the farmers to give with laudable generosity and the fakirs receiving in the same munificent spirit. In fact, everything is here and with us including old Jupiter Pluvis, and while he is here we wish he wasn't, for if he would only keep away long enough we can assure you that we could all see and enjoy a first-class fair.

Never in the history of the McKean County fair has the display of farm products been as big or better, in fact they are the biggest and best that have ever been shown in this county and this display alone is worth coming many miles to see.

This is also true of the culinary display. The housewives of this county seem to have taken a greater interest in their lines and the good things to eat occupy a very wholesome space at this fair.

The horse department is a little short of last year, but nevertheless some of the most beautiful animals ever shown are on exhibition.

The cattle department, which has increased every year since the beginning of the fair, is still larger this year and it is also improved in quality, making an unusually good display.

Sheep, goats and swine are also displayed in profusion, with some of he best specimens in the country.

The exhibit of poultry and pet animals is also above the average, and such appreciated by fanciers.

The needlework and arts department, which the women love so much, seems to be much larger and more beautiful this year, but we are not sufficiently versed to tell much about this line.

Another department that deserves close attention is the display of cut flowers. It certainly is the most beautiful department at the fair.

We would have liked to give all of these departments much more space, as they deserve, but space forbids.

Hon. Tracy Becker, of California, addressed the small audience at the fair yesterday afternoon and was warmly received by those present. He told of the great Progressive work that has already been accomplished in the west, especially in California, and he said that the Progressive party under the leadership of Theodore Roosevelt and Hiram W. Johnson, the same great good will be accomplished throughout the United States. During his address he read a telegram from Gov. Hiram W. Johnson which covers a partial list of the Progressive legislation since Governor Johnson, the Progressive candidate for vice-President, was elected governor and thereby wrested that great state from the maw of the Southern Pacific railroad crowd. Here are some of the new Progressive laws: The eight-hour day for women; Workingmen's compensation act, similar to the New York and New Jersey law, and the compensation act about to be proposed by the legislative commission in this State; two child labor laws; a bill requiring full crews for railroad trains; pay check act, requiring immediate payment when an employe is dismissed; a bill requiring a regular day for the payment of wages; a bill limiting to 16 hours continuous

(Continued on Page 8.)

STONE-ERHART.

Quiet and Beautiful Wedding Solemnized Yesterday at Noon.

Yesterday, Wednesday, Sept. 25, 1912, at 12 o'clock noon, occurred the marriage of Miss Cora E., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Erhart, to Mr. William Stone, of Buffalo, at the home of the bride's parents at Colegrove, the ceremony being performed by the Rev. J. A. Perkins, of Colegrove, in the presence of the immediate family of the bride.

The ceremony was performed in the parlor of the Erhart home. The decorations were pink and white, ferns and pink gladiolas. In the center of an arch, where the ceremony was performed, hung a bell of pink and white dahlias. The bride was attended by Miss Marie Stone, sister of the groom, while Mr. Sidney A. Burdick, of this borough, acted as best man. Mrs. Sidney A. Burdick presided at the piano. The bride was gowned in an embroidered Batiste dress, trimmed with baby Irish. Her veil was fastened with lilies-of-the-valley and carried bride's roses. Miss Stone wore pink and white and carried a bouquet of pink roses.

The happy young couple left on the afternoon train for Erie on a short wedding trip, after which they will make their home in Buffalo.

Mrs. Stone has been private secretary for C. G. Mouser, general superintendent of the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance company, at Buffalo, for the past few years. Previous to that time she attended school here and has a host of friends in this place who will wish them a long and happy married life.

SCHMITT-PICKERSGILL

Popular Smethport Young Couple Were Married Saturday Morning.

Miss Aletha, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John W. Pickersgill, and Mr. Theodore S. Schmitt, both of this borough, were united in marriage at St. Luke's Episcopal church at 8:30 o'clock Saturday morning, September 21, 1912. Rev. W. E. Van Dyke, pastor of this church performed the ceremony in the presence of the bride's immediate family and a number of Miss Pickersgill's girl friends.

Immediately after the ceremony Mr. and Mrs. Schmitt left on the morning train for a day's outing, returning the same evening. They will make their home with the bride's parents for a short time, when they will go to Morgantown, W. Va., where they expect to make their home in the future.

The bride is one of Smethport's most charming and popular young ladies, having graduated from the Smethport High School in the Class of 1911, and the groom is a well-known glass cutter who has been employed here for some time. A host of friends wish them a long life of wedded bliss.

THRILLING AUTOMOBILE RIDE.

Big Car Runs Full Speed Down Rew Hill With Girl at Wheel.

One of the most fortunate accidents that we have heard of in a long time occurred on the Bradford side of Rew Hill last Saturday, when an automobile, driven by a young lady, ran away down the hill full speed without doing the least injury to the car or any of its occupants.

Miss Mattie Walters, who with her mother, Mrs. Ida Walters, is visiting E. A. Hamilton and family, was driving the car and the other occupants were Mrs. Walters, Mrs. A. E. Hamilton, Miss Irma Wells and Claude Lyons. Miss Walters has been driving in a practically level country all summer and therefore did not realize that the brakes on her Reo car were almost useless, until they broke over the top of Rew hill and the car commenced gaining headway at every turn of the wheels. She never had had occasion to throw the engines into low gear and let them act as compressed air brakes and therefore she could do nothing but hold onto the wheel and try to guide her load down this awful hill to level ground.

She evidently is a courageous young lady with more than ordinary skill as a chauffeur, for she held firmly to the wheel and guided the big car, going at fully fifty miles an hour, around those two dangerous curves to the foot of the hill in safety. So swift was the pace that the car made those curves on two wheels and at one point the pressure was so great that a tire was blown out, but she held the car in the road and at the foot of the hill passed a team and wagon loaded with a mammoth bull-wheel. The driver of this outfit had heard the continuous tooting of the horn and had just time enough to draw to the side of the road as the automobile whizzed by. Had this rig been a little further up the hill or had the driver not heard the warning toots of the horn all the people and the team would have undoubtedly been killed instantly.

Miss Walters deserves much credit for the excellent nerve she displayed in handling this car when death was staring her in the face, and this experience shows that at least some women can handle a car as well or better than a man.

A GOOD WOMAN GONE.

Mrs. Z. D. Gifford of This Borough Died Last Thursday Afternoon.

Mrs. Z. D. Gifford, a well known lady of this place, died at her home on the corner of Green and Union streets, this borough, on Thursday afternoon, September 19, 1912. She was in her 63rd year of life and her death, which was very sudden, was due to strangulated hernia.

Miss Emma Bishop was born near Port Allegany on October 9, 1849, and when nine years of age moved with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Amos Bishop, to Smethport, where she attended school. On December 24, 1868, she was united in marriage to Z. D. Gifford of Smethport, and this union was blessed with three children, who with their father survive to mourn the loss of a kind, loving and devoted wife and mother. The surviving children are: Guy H. Gifford, of Olean, N. Y.; Mrs. Harry H. Weaver, of Davis, W. Va., and Miss Beatrice Gifford, of Smethport, who was in New York training for a nurse in a hospital. She is also survived by one sister, Miss Ann E. Bishop, of this place.

Mrs. Gifford was a lifelong member of St. Luke's Episcopal church and a woman who fully lived up to the noble teachings of this church. She was a good neighbor, kind and generous to all and the world is better for her having lived in it.

The funeral services were held at her late home on Saturday afternoon, at 2 o'clock, Rev. J. Heber McCandless and Rev. W. E. Van Dyke officiating, and her remains were laid at rest in Rose Hill cemetery.

OPENING DAYS AT BELL BROS. BIG DEPARTMENT STORE.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th, are display days of Fall Millinery, Suits, Coats, Gowns, etc., as well as general opening days throughout the Big Department store of Bell Bros., Olean, N. Y. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to be present on one of the above dates.

DR. McCLARAN.

The Bradford Osteopath, will be in Smethport every Tuesday and Friday till further notice. Calls will reach him at the Grand Central hotel.

LEO K. MOORE KILLED.

An Explosion at a Coleville Lease Ended His Life Suddenly on Saturday Last.

Leo K. Moore, 24 years old, was instantly killed by an explosion on Saturday morning at the lease of H. E. Camp, of Bradford, at Coleville, this county. On the lease a gasoline plant was installed several years ago and the young man who lost his life was working at this, making gasoline, when the fatality occurred.

In the manufacture of gasoline from natural gas, after the gas is reduced to a liquid state, there is a "treating" or refining process and it was in this part of the work that Moore was engaged when a drum of about 55-gallon capacity, was unexpectedly blown up by excessive gas pressure.

A portion of the drum struck the young man just under the left eye and tore off the top of his head. He was standing directly over the receptacle when the accident occurred and received the full force of the explosion. Portions of the drum were hurled high into the air. The dead man fell near the spot where he had been standing and was found there, soon after, when men from other leases in the neighborhood, on hearing the explosion, hurried to the scene.

"The chance of having such an occurrence as that," said a man familiar with the details, "was about one in a thousand. And that was the chance that snuffed out the life of one of the most exemplary and capable young men I have ever known. He was careful, trustworthy, and competent and enjoyed the confidence of all who knew him. I can account for the accident only on the supposition that there was too strong a gas pressure in the drum at the time."

The deceased is survived by his widowed mother, Mrs. Mary Moore, of Coleville; also by three brothers, Theodore Moore, of Rew; O. B., and Guy More, of Coleville; and two sisters, Mrs. Harvey Hosman, of Duke Center and Mrs. David Culberson, of Clarendon, Pa. He was a member of a local band and was widely known in Rew, Coleville and vicinity, having lived thereabouts all his life. He had been employed on the Camp lease several months.—Bradford Era.

The body was taken to the home of the bereaved mother at Coleville, where the body was prepared for burial. The funeral services were held on Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock and his remains were laid at rest in the Farmers Valley cemetery.

"MADAME SHERRY."

First-Class Production Will Be at the Smethport Lyceum Next Monday.

The real notable event of the present theatrical season will be the first engagement of Wood, Frazee & Lederer's production of "Madame Sherry," the sensational French vaudeville set to music which will be seen at the Smethport Lyceum, Monday, Sept. 30. According to all reports "Madame Sherry" still continues to break records everywhere it is presented and no doubt the same case will exist when it is presented here. The company to be seen in the play this season is said to be even stronger than the original cast and comprises such notable artists as Bernice McCabe, Bert Merkel, J. J. Delson, Robert H. Wilson, Ida May, James DuBois, Rosetta Noir, Marguerite Chabarity and others of equal prominence. The famous "Lederer" beauty chorus is an important factor of the production and includes only those who are singers, possessed of unusual beauty. While the standard musical numbers are still a part of the performance, a number of new songs are introduced to take the place of the old ones. Another special feature of the production is the charming display of new creations in gowns and millinery effects by the feminine portion of the organization. The production is elaborate and is considered one of the most colossal ever placed on any stage. Seats are on sale at Wells' drug store.

A special train on the Kushequa Route will leave Mt. Jewett at 8:30 Monday evening so that all along the line people may come to see Madame Sherry at the Smethport Lyceum. Returning train will leave after the performance.

PIGS FOR SALE.

I have some four-weeks-old pigs for sale. Also one Jersey milch cow.

1t C. H. GLEASON.

SMETHPORT WINS TWO

Defeats Kane Team Saturday and Sunday Very Handily.

The Smethport baseball team added two more victories to their list on Saturday and Sunday when they defeated the Kane team two games. Kane was shut out on Saturday by a score of five to nothing, and on Sunday the score was 21 to 2.

"Mickey" Larson, the clever third baseman of our team, made his first appearance as a pitcher before a Smethport crowd and he was a surprise to his best friends. He held the visitors down to four hits and only in the ninth inning when the visitors got two hits off him, were they in danger of scoring. He gave but one base on balls and hit two men.

Reyberg, Belford, Hanson and Zurfluh are new men and each gave a good account of himself in this game. Chief Reyberg is a good backstop and is clever throwing to bases as well as being rather handy with the stick. Belford not only played a good first, but introduced himself by making three hits out of five times at bat—two singles and a double. Hanson is clever and fast at third. Zurfluh is a fast man at short and robbed the visitors of two or three hits by his clever work.

Following is the tabulated score:

Kane	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
O'Leary, 3b	5	0	0	1	1	1
F. Trimble, ss	3	0	0	2	2	0
Donovan, c	4	0	1	6	0	0
Dolphin, 1b	4	0	1	9	0	0
Peterson, rf	4	0	1	1	0	1
Erickson, cf	3	0	0	0	0	0
Richardson, 2b.	3	0	1	1	2	0
G. Trimble, lf	3	0	0	2	0	0
Stophel, p	2	0	0	2	2	0
	30	0	4	24	6	2

Smethport	AB.	R.	H.	PO.	A.	E.
Kellar, lf	4	0	0	3	0	0
Clark, cf	3	0	1	0	0	0
Hanlon, rf	2	0	1	0	0	0
Belford, 1b	3	1	3	10	1	1
Reyberg, c	3	0	1	5	1	0
Larson, p	4	1	1	0	6	0
Glavin, rf	4	0	1	1	2	0
Hanson, 3b	4	1	0	5	1	1
Zerfluh, ss	4	0	1	3	2	0
Harris, rf	4	2	2	0	0	0
	37	5	11	27	14	2

Kane .....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0
Smethport .....0 1 0 1 1 0 1 1 x—5

Earned Runs—Smethport 2.

Two-base Hits—Belford, Larson.

Base on Balls—off Stophel, 1; off Larson, 1.

Hit by Pitched Ball—Erickson, F. Trimble.

Stolen Bases—G. Trimble, Harris 3, Kellar, Clark, Glavin.

Struck out—by Stophel, 5; by Larson, 5.

Umpire—Tull.

Sunday's game started off well and was interesting for three innings, but in the fourth the Kane team went up in the air and from that time on the game was a burlesque so far as Kane was concerned. The whole team got rattled and none of them could stop or pick up a ball. The final result was a score of 21 to 2 and the home team could have made double that number of runs if they had needed them.

Reyberg met with a painful accident in this game that will probably lay him up for the balance of the season. In the eighth inning a foul tip struck him between the first and second fingers of the right hand and split the flesh down the hand between these fingers for nearly an inch. Hanlon finished catching the game.

ANNOUNCEMENT.

Bell Bros. wish to announce their fall opening for Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Sept. 26th, 27th and 28th. The Millinery and Ready-to-Wear Departments will be unusually attractive and all of the new fall lines will be beautifully displayed. A cordial invitation is extended to all of their thousands of customers to visit Olean's Big Department Store on the above dates.

LOW FARES TO THE WEST.

Pennsylvania Railroad. Tickets to Rocky Mountains, Pacific Coast, Western Canada, Mexico and Southwestern points on sale every day from September 24 to October 9, inclusive, at reduced rates. Consult nearest Ticket Agent. 2t

HOUSE CLEANING TIME.

Prepare for the event by buying a Duntley Vaccum Cleaner of me. They are guaranteed to suit you or money refunded. Price $9.75 and $11.75.

2t C. H. GLEASON.

TWO KILLED ON P., S. & N.

A Score Injured in Wreck at Nile Last Sunday.

Friendship, Sept. 23.—Two persons were killed and a score were injured, three probably fatally, last night when an excursion train on the Pittsburg, Shawmut and Northern railroad collided with a coal train at Nile, two miles west of here. The wreck is said to have been due to a misunderstanding of orders.

The dead are:

W. A. Harris, of Fillmore, N. Y.

Miss Grace Marsh, of Portville, N. Y.

Probably fatally injured:

W. H. Johnson, of Olean, engineer on passenger train; both legs crushed.

Mrs. E. J. Scott, of Bolivar, terribly crushed.

Mrs. Ida Costello, Portville, condition serious.

Among the injured whose condition is not considered serious, were: Guy Woodward, Richburg; Mr. and Mrs. J. Brown, Richburg; William Burdette, Portville; John Ingwalls, Olean; Mr. and Mrs. John Williams and son, Olean; Treman Hall, Portville; Mrs. G. H. Andrews, Olean; Miss Helen Michael, Olean; Robert Laflin, brakeman, Olean; William Rowe, Portville; Jeremiah Wells, Angelica; Miss Agnes Jordan, Friendship; Menzo Jordan, Friendship.

The wrecked passenger train was a regular Sunday excursion train which carried passenger from points along the Shawmut east of Olean to Stony Brook, a summer resort between Hornell and Dansville. The crew of the excursion train had orders to take a siding at Friendship for an eastbound freight train.

In the Friendship yards the engineer saw a freight train standing on the siding which he believed was the one he had orders to meet, and the excursion train pulled out for the west after discharging a few passengers.

The passenger train was running at the rate of about forty miles an hour when it collided with the freight train at Nile. The combination baggage and smoking car was badly wrecked and all but one of the four day coaches were derailed.

A relief corps was quickly organized by the passengers and crew and the injured were removed to nearby farm houses where they were given first aid. Word was sent to Friendship to send all available doctors and several were taken to the scene of the wreck in automobiles. Later a relief train was sent to Nile and the remainder of the injured were brought to the sanatarium here.

GLEASON COLERICK ESCAPES.

Bradford Lad Got Out of Juvenile Jail Yesterday Morning.

Gleason Colerick, a 15-year-old boy of Bradford, who has been in the juvenile department of the McKean county jail, made his escape shortly before noon yesterday, and the last seen of him was by two boys who saw him going up King street on a run at about 11 o'clock.

The boy was in his apartment yesterday morning when his breakfast was brought to him, but at noon when his dinner was served he was missing. An inquiry brought forth the information that Harrison and Charles McGavern, the two young sons of Rev. J. W. McGavern, saw him running up King street as above stated.

It is supposed that young Colerick got out by means of a key which he made. The boy got hold of some kind of a mechanical toy which belonged to Raymond Bain, son of Sheriff Bain, and it is supposed that he made a key by which he escaped. It is said that there was no other way than through the door that he could have escaped and the door was locked when the discovery was made. He must have let himself out with the key and then carefully locked the door.

MOTOR CARS FOR SALE.

One 1910 model 30 Cadillac five passenger car with fore doors and all modern equipment at a great sacrifice.

One 1-cylinder Cadilac in good running condition, price $65.00.

One two or four-passenger steamer in fine condition, price $150.

Inquire of

BACKUS NOVELTY CO.,

tf Smethport, Pa.

FALL MILLINERY.

My Millinery display for Fall and Winter is now ready and if you are looking for the really correct things in ladies' and children's headgear, call on CARRIE CLARK.

Heinecken, the German Prodigy.

Christian Henry Heinecken, the most wonderful of all the world's precious prodigies, was born at Lubeck, Germany, in the year 1721 When but nine and a half months of age this human wonder could pronounce every word contained in the German language, and before he had rounded out his first year of earthly existence he knew all the leading events of the world's history At the age of fourteen months he could give chapter and verse of any quoted passage of the Scriptures and knew the history of every book in both the Old and New Testaments At the age of two and a half years he could answer every question in the geographies and histories then in use and could converse with visitors in either German, French, Dutch, Latin or Greek His fourth year was devoted to the study of religion and ancient history He had finished the studies mentioned and had started on a course in oriental religion when he suddenly died before completing his fourth year.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION

Letters of Administration on the estate of W H Knight late of the borough of Smethport County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania, deceased having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them to the undersigned, properly authenticated, for settlement

MRS JESSIE M KNIGHT,
Smethport Pa, Sept 17th 1912 6t

EXECUTRIX'S NOTICE

Letters Testamentary on the estate of Mary Mantz late of the Borough of Smethport County of McKean and State of Pennsylvania deceased having been granted to the undersigned notice is hereby given that all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and all persons having claims or demands against the same will present them to the undersigned, properly authenticated for settlement

ROSENIA CURTIS
Smethport, Pa, September 19, 1912—6t

NOTICE IN DIVORCE.

William T Burgess
vs
Della B. Burgess

No 8 February Term 1912

McKEAN COUNTY ss—THE COMMONWEALTH of Pennsylvania to the Sheriff of said County Greeting

Whereas William T Burgess did on the 7th day of December A D 1911 prefer his petition to our said Judges of the said Court of Common Pleas of said County praying for the causes therein set forth he might be divorced from the bonds of matrimony entered into with you Della B Burgess

We therefore command you the said Della B Burgess that setting aside all other business and excuses whatsoever you be and appear in your proper person before our Judges at Smethport, at the Court of Common Pleas thereto be held for the County of McKean on the 21st Monday of October next to answer the petition or libel of William T Burgess and show cause if any you have why the said William T Burgess your husband should not be divorced from the bonds of matrimony agreeable to the Acts of Assembly in such cases made and provided Herein fail not.

A true copy.

M C BAIN, Sheriff
Smethport Pa, September 19 1912
W I Mollken Libellants Attorney

SHERIFF'S SALES

BY VIRTUE of sundry writs of Fieri Facias Levari Facias and Venditioni Exponas, Alias Fieri Facias Pluries Fieri Facias issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County Pa and to me directed I will expose at Public sale in the Court House in the Borough of Smethport on

MONDAY OCTOBER 7, 1912,

at 1 o'clock p m the following described pieces of property

1

Defendant's interest in all that certain piece parcel or lot of land in the Borough of Kane, McKean County and State of Pennsylvania, part of Warrants No 3210 and 1340 being Lot No 93 and one foot off on the East side of Lot No 91 in Block No 3 on the East side of Lot No 91 in Block No 3 on the East side of Lot No 91 in Block No 3

Armstrong's Reliable Jewelry Store

Is, as ever, headquarters for everything to be found in

Standard Jewelry.

If you wish to be ON TIME buy your

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at this reliable establishment. Prices are right,

Stock is Complete,

Goods are the Best, therefore your patronage is solicited

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Main Street, Smethport, Pa

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SMETHPORT, PENNA.

McKean County's Pioneer Bank

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BOYS! THIS BALL GLOVE AND THE BOYS' MAGAZINE (3 MONTHS) **50c**

We will also include, without extra cost, a book entitled "Fifty Ways for Boys to Earn Money." Walter Camp edits The Boys' Magazine. Each issue of the magazine is filled with clean, fascinating stories and instructive articles, of intense interest to every live boy. Departments devoted to The Boy Scouts, Electricity, Mechanics, Athletics, Photography, Carpentry, Stamps and Coins. Colored covers and beautifully illustrated throughout. This fielder's glove is made by one of the foremost American manufacturers, of the finest tan leather, felt padded, web thumb, and deep pocket. We absolutely guarantee that you will be more than pleased with the glove, magazine and book.

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Insist on having it. All good Grocers sell it.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 26, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—The Baptist church is being repainted Engstrom Bros are doing the work

—The open season for shooting woodcock in this state begins next Tuesday The limit is ten in one day, twenty in one week and fifty in one season

—The Burney-Bond Glass Bottle factory at this place expects to start blowing bottles today, after a vacation of a little over two months. Everything points to a successful fire this season

—The Grangers fair held at Turtle Point on Friday last was well attended and was a great success. This fair has been going for three or four years and has become very popular with the people of that section.

—Mrs Harry Kelly of Shinglehouse has offered a reward of $25 to the person finding the body of her husband He disappeared from home about the middle of June. It is thought that he became lost and died in the woods near Shinglehouse.—Bolivar Breeze.

—Under the new school code, those who fail to pay their school tax on or before Oct. 1 will be obliged to pay an added per cent. penalty. It, therefore, behooves those who have not yet paid their taxes, provided they are of an amount worth the saving of the penalty, to pay their assessment by the time specified

—On Saturday morning a young pheasant flew into the Adams express office, presumably from Evergreen park. In alighting it injured itself and was so badly hurt that it could not fly. The bird is being cared for by Mr Romick and he has hopes that it will be all right in a few days when he will release it.—Kane Republican.

—Local playgoers are fortunate not to be compelled to wait a year or so longer before they are given a chance to enjoy "Madame Sherry." Usually it requires two or three seasons for a success of such proportions as this unique French vaudeville to reach here from New York, but in the case of this phenominal Woods, Frazee & Lederer musical success, the local public will have an opportunity to see it.

—While playing with a .22 calibre rifle at the home of Mike Kinski on Clarion Height on Tuesday evening a boy by the name of Blazack was shot through the jaw and shoulder, inflicting a serious wound. It is reported that a boy named Pavlock had the gun with which he shot through the door hitting the other boy who was on the other side in the jaw, the bullet passing down into the neck and shoulder.—Johnsonburg Breeze

—All members of the alumni former students and friends of the Clarion State Normal School, are cordially invited to attend the annual Pittsburgh banquet which will be held at 1700 Wood street, Wilkinsburg Pa., October fifth, from three to nine p m The committee having charge of the affair is composed of Mary A Gregg, Orvis C Yingling, Francis T. Hindman and Flora McComb An assessment of $1 25 per plate will be made to defray the expenses of the affair.

—Somebody announces that the United States is in danger of a beer famine. It is alleged that the consumption of beer is increasing and that there is a decrease in the supply of certain commodities entering into the manufacture of the foaming beverage A beer famine would certainly be a novelty. And it would make the hit of the season with people who are "dry" politically.—Bradford Era.

—Edward Schnautz, the six year old son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Schnautz, of Germania, died while being carried in his mother's arms to the office of a physician a mile from her home The woman ran nearly the entire distance. When she reached her destination and found her little one was lifeless, her grief was heart-rending. In the morning the boy had complained of his throat hurting. Later in the day he told his mother that the pain was going down into his chest. "I know I am going to die, mother," he whispered.

—No musical company presented in New York in years has received such unbounded praise from the press as came the way of "Madame Sherry." The New York World has this to say: "It is easily the brightest and most diverting musical production New York has seen in many a day, or is likely to see in as many more. At last a musical show that' novel." The Sun added these few lines: "The audience applauded every musical number and laughed at everything the comedians plainly labeled as a merry jest." "Madame Sherry" will be seen here at the Smethport Lyceum next Monday.

—The following dispatch from Washington, D. C., should be of great interest to our local Order of Frogs: The fatherless frog which was invented or created through chemical processes, by Prof Jacques Loeb, of Chicago, and which is easily Exhibit No. 1 of the International Congress of Eugenic and Demography, has taken the town by storm. The frog without a father is at the Red Cross building opposite the Pan American union, where the object lessons of the world's scientists are being put up for exhibition. All Washington goes down to see them. Among the interested visitors to the habitat of the original orphan frog, to-day, were Admiral Dewey, Romolo Naon, minister of Argentina, and other high functionaries of this and other governments

—The tipping over and rescue of eight spectators in a launch, the disabling of two hydroaeroplanes far out in the lake and the "pranks" of an aviator dressed as a woman brought Chicago's second annual aviation meet to a close Crowds of people on the lake front were startled to observe what appeared to be a woman diving in a biplane almost straight down from an altitude of 3,000 feet and then with "her" arms off the levers, flying as low as ten feet over the heads of the spectators The "woman" was Lincoln Beachy who had disguised himself for the purpose of creating a sensation. So excited were the spectators in a launch in the harbor that they all gathered at one side of the craft and it tipped over They were rescued by a tug.

—A correspondent of the Baltimore Sun sends in the following: "Woodrow Wilson is the thirteenth Democratic nominee since the war, 1864; his name contains thirteen letters; there are thirteen letters in the name of Thos R Marshall, as also in vice-president, the convention met in June the sixth month and adjourned in July, the seventh month Six and seven equals thirteen The convention consisted of thirteen sessions; there were forty six ballots for president and three for vice-president. The additional of four, six and three equals thirteen, Fifth Regiment armory contains thirteen letters Mr. Wilson's campaign manager was William McCoombs, thirteen letters; the man who made the nomination possible was William J Bryan, thirteen letters to his name The man whom Bryan fought the hardest was August Belmont, Charles Murphy, Roger Sullivan and Thomas Taggert, all containing thirteen letters each. The Murphy-Tammany combination contains thirteen letters The election will be held the fifth day of the eleventh month—thirteen letters; the additional of the units in 1912 equals thirteen and the inauguration will be in 1913.

Instinct in Birds.

In the stormy part of the year a steamer encountered rough weather, and, as often happens at such times, many sea gulls hovered near the ship and even came on board One allowed itself to be caught, and it was found that it had a fish bone stuck in the eye in such a position as not absolutely to destroy the sight, but penetrating an inch into the flesh of the bird and projecting an inch and a half It might have had a fight with a fish or got transfixed seeking its prey The doctor of the ship took the bird, extracted the bone, applied a soothing remedy to the wound and let it go. It flew away, but returned the next day, allowing itself to be caught. The doctor examined the wound, which was progressing favorably, applied more of the remedy and let the bird go a second time. It flew several times around the ship and then departed and returned no more.—London Sketch.

G. A. Sala and His Epitaph.

Among some autograph letters and historical documents sold recently were a series of eight letters by George Augustus Sala addressed to W. P. Frith, including an amusing forecast of his own epitaph:

When I die it may be written on my tomb,
He wrote the worst burlesque ever acted;
He abused the constituted authorities
and
with malice prepense
The Royal Academy of Arts.
He did the things he ought not to have done and never did
Those he should have done.
He was stout in person and bloated in countenance, and
He never came to dinner when he was asked.
But when he "dropped in" unasked was no doubt better company than many invited guests are!

—Pearson's Weekly.

Passport to the North Pole.

A passport to the north pole was issued some years ago by the governor of the province of Tobolsk, which stretches along the Russian shores of the Arctic ocean. The official was approached by two men who had been engaged to proceed to the north with an English expedition then fitting out. Their petition was for a passport to the pole itself, but the governor pointed out that the pole was as likely to be in their home province as in any other, that it was extremely unlikely they would reach it and that if they did there were no police there to examine their credentials. At last, however, to satisfy them he ordered the issue of a document allowing them to pass without let or hindrance to the north pole.

Mother-in-Law.

Above all respect your husband's mother; do not forget that he loved her before he loved you.—Carmen Sylva.

QUEER SENSATION

How It Feels to Go Under the Influence of Chloroform.

THE DIZZY DIVE INTO SLEEP.

And After the Surgical Operation Is Over the Confused Awakening That Brings Torture to the Patient From the Terrible Thirst That Follows.

In the American Magazine a writer vividly reports the sensations he had at the time he was operated on for appendicitis. Following is his account of the sensations he experienced as he went under the anaesthetic:

"'Don't let them begin cutting too soon.' I have since learned that this injunction by the patient was not original with me. They all say it.

"My anaesthetist assures that he won't

"This is pleasant, being chloroformed—if only the chloroform would take effect. Evidently you are a hard subject to put under. You hope that they are interpreting the difficulty. Perhaps they are, for they seem to be working more persistently, and the waft 'odors are somewhat increased. But all that is accomplished is to make your ears buzz, interfering with the point of the funny story which your anaesthetist is now telling to the nurses

"'Sheel deepy,' you warn. 'Not chlor'form, though Jus' t-ed.'

"'All right,' responds your anaesthetist 'No hurry.'

The little room is very quiet With out, in the corridors, are careless laughter, patter of busy feet, but, within, a small silent circle is gravely watching that wondrous and merciful transformation of a quick and sentient being into a living corpse

"'Shleep minute. Wait-bit. Not-ready.'

'The buzzing is annoying; it gives a dizzy sensation. Aside from that, your eyes and tongue together are deliciously heavy, and you simply have got to take a little nap.

"'G'by Don't-start. Canfeelyet.'

'You will have to depend upon the other persons in the room to keep the surgeons away while you are helplessly dozing. They will, won't they? Meanwhile the blackness behind your closed eyes is curiously scintillant with dirt sparks The buzzing of gnarming bees in your ears is terrific And as you gaze and listen, with sudden sickening swoop, you have slipped from the pallet and headlong plunge down, down, down through midnight space Struggling pawing, fighting for a way, you rise out of the depths of the Icarian dive and break the surface. Like butterflies the white caps and sweet faces of nurses flutter above you Your eyes refuse to focus, and wearily you must close them What's the matter, what has happened, where are you, and why? Why is a mouse? You stammer with thick utterance, appealing generally

"'Where is I?'

"'In your room.'

'This is to be digested a moment. Then abruptly a poignant alarm assails The question quavers weakly, fearfully

'But they haven't done it yet?'

"'Oh, yes.' The nurse's voice tinkles seraphic. 'It's all over with.'

"Thank God! And you're alive. The lady who married you must be so informed at once.

"'What time is it?'

"'Eleven o'clock.'

"Jerusalem! Four hours obliterated—wiped off the mental map, leaving trace of not even a dream! Impossible! Or is this itself but a dream? You would like to explore that spot to see if the news is really true, but you dare not lest you wake yourself up in the midst of the operation And as you again open your mouth, in sickly, babyish fashion, the ministering angel in white cap deftly inserts an ambrosial swab—icy cold, wet and grateful as a drop of water to a Dives. When you shut down upon it as feverishly as a starving kitten she says: 'Don't do that. Don't swallow any. It will make you sick.' This diverts you.

"'Can't I have a drink?'

"'Yes, I'll give you a drink.' And so she does—a teaspoonful of hot water, which I am instructed to swallow slowly.

"It has about as much effect on that tarred and feathered tongue as a drop of dew on a hip rubber boot.

"This is a new occupation—waiting for that teaspoonful of hot water which arrives every half hour One's thoughts dwell upon it and one listens eagerly for the nurse's step returning; one's mouth opens in advance, like a nestling birdie's To such a plane is reduced a once strong mind.

"In the midst of this humiliating pastime the lady who married me enters timidly, half smilingly, half tearfully

"'Dearest,' she says, 'how are you?'

"'Fine,' I say. 'Listen. Come closer. Let us sing "Little Drops of Water."'

"The nurse makes her withdrawal, and she goes blanched, because she deems me crazed by my experiences of the past ten hours.

"The dose is doubled to two teaspoonfuls at a time. Nevertheless, despite this generosity in water rights, the waking dreams of a human being dying on the Death valley desert obsess the brain."

Trouble is the one thing for which any borrower can get unlimited credit.—Youth's Companion.

A. T. Palmer

Livery, Feed, Sale and Boarding Stable

Carriages furnished for all occasions.

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EMBALMING

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The best goods at reasonable prices.

CHARLES LEMMLER
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The Grange National Bank
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will welcome your account and it will be given the same careful attention that has made friends of our present customers.

IF IT'S NEW

and NICE and

GOOD TO EAT

The chances are we have it.

And we would appreciate your trade

And strive to please you in every way

J. COLEGROVE, Grocer
Smethport, Pa.

Rexall Assortment

Everything in the Drug Line

BEST,
PUREST
AND MOST
COMPLETE,
PRICE RIGHT.

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Drug Store

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OIL AND GAS LEASES
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When in need of printed blanks call at this office, we carry a full line

Sapphire
Birth Stone of SEPTEMBER

Wedding gifts in Silver, Cut Glass and China.

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Quick Lunches at all Hours
CIGARS AND TOBACCO
—also—
WALKER'S I X L ICE CREAM
JAMES QUIRK, Prop.

What's What in Clothes and Furnishings

We've a world of new things in Men's, Boys' and Children's Wear for Fall to show you.

Suits for Men and Young Men from the famous House of Kupenheimer.

Suits for Young Men, Boys and Children from the celebrated House of Sam Peck.

We say without fear or favor that these two makes of Clothing are the best in the world. An inspection will convince you. We will be glad to show them.

New Hats, Shirts, Neckwear, Gloves and Hosiery. All the latest creations at the very lowest price,

IKE SIMONS
Big Double Clothing House
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JEWELER OPTICIAN
Loose Diamonds, Watches, Art Jewelry, Silverware.
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WE HAVE

everything in the line of Groceries that a careful housewife needs to satisfy the demands of the table. Our

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retain their flavor, and the increasing sales of the articles indicate that our patrons appreciate good articles for little money.

Oscar Engstrom
—Dealer in—
GROCERIES and PROVISIONS

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Terms—$1.50 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per inch, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Birth, Marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 26, 1912.

Standpatters! It is better to vote for what you want and not get it, than in a spirit of hatred, vote for what you don't want and get a lot of it. Roosevelt stands for protection, and Wilson for the reverse.

"What's in a name." One of our contemporaries states that Mr. Taft is a progressive. This reminds us When the devil was sick
The devil a monk would be;
When the devil was well,
A devil of a monk was he.

There can be no intermediate position. The man you pay to represent you is either a public servant or a public master. You either dictate to him the laws you DESIRE to live by or he decides for you the laws you MUST live under.

Fifty thousand lives were lost in a typhoon which recently swept the Province of Chekiang, China, according to a dispatch from M. Reynaud, Apostolic Vicar of Eastern Chiang. The dispatch was dated September 16. It says one hundred thousand families are starving to death.

When one reasons by analogy the position of Mr. Roosevelt is perfectly clear. Penrose and Archibold represent Standard Oil. Standard Oil is Wall street. Penrose and Archibold hate Roosevelt as the devil hates holy water. Standard Oil and Wall street therefore hate Roosevelt. Inod erat demonstrandum.

Many of the standpat Republican newspapers in this state have no hesitency in taking a jab at the regularly and honestly nominated candidates of their party if said candidates don't stand just as pat as they would like to have them, but they consider the newspaper that takes a jab at the national Republican nominees, who were not honestly the choice of the Republican voters, traitors. Strange doctrine for "the Grand Old Party, that is the friend (?) of the poor and oppressed."

When one considers that there were hundreds of thousands of men in this country of ours who were fitted to fill the position of Secretary of the Interior, President Taft, to put it charitably, displayed but little judgment when he choose Ballinger, one of the very few men in the country who had been identified and interested with the Morgan-Guggenheim syndicate, the firm most interested in the exploitation of Alaska.

Fifty people were killed last Saturday during an anti-Turkish demonstration in the villayet of Adrianople, when some one threw a bomb into a crowd of Turks who had just emerged from a mosque. Fragments of the bursting bomb tore the bodies of some of the victims to pieces. Several suspects were arrested. Saturday's outrage is one of a number of similar demonstrations against Turks in the Balkan states the past year which have claimed nearly a thousand lives.

In looking over some old files of The Miner, we find in an issue in 1881 reference to the Republican platform. This platform denounced monopolies and mentioned explicitly the Tide Water and Standard Oil Co. Since that time both the Republican and Democratic parties have been in power—and so have the monopolies. Take warning old parties from Abraham Lincoln. "You can fool all of the people some of the time. You can fool some of the people all of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

History deals exclusively with progress of nations. Had all nations, ancient mediaeval and modern, been standpatters, there would be no history, for recorded progress in government, social conditions, religion and mechanical arts, is all there is to history and if we make no progress we have nothing to record. The history of the civilized world is the history of the Aryan, Semitic and Hamitic races. The branch to which Penrose and Barnes, Murphy and Roger Sullivan belong have no record for progress and therefore no place in history.

When Mr. Wilson takes the position that a platform need not be followed, many of us plain citizens would be interested in knowing what is it good for? Does Mr. Wilson mean that he doesn't intend, in case of his election, to support a tariff for revenue? We have always taken the position with Mr. Roosevelt that the platform of a party was the program to be followed in case of election; we are now confronted with the proposition that a platform is not a program defining the course a party will pursue. We would be interested in having some of our Democratic friends advise us why they propose a platform if they do not intend to follow it. Undoubtedly the Democratic platform is merely a warm breeze from the south, or some other kind of hot air.

It is strange how strongly custom influences our thoughts and actions, and advantage is taken by the regulars of both the old parties to encourage and preserve these influences. In fact, custom has made possible the continuance in power of such men as the Penrose, Barnes and Watsons of the Republican party, and the Ryans, Belmonts and Murphys of the Democratic party, who have carefully fostered the idea that when one has identified himself with a party, he becomes a very opprobuis traitor should he ever leave it—party regularity they call it. The Miner holds that a party is only a means to an end, that is, it merely simplifies methods of determining the will of the people, and when any party thwarts the will of the masses that compose it, its efficiency ceases, and the custom or habit of supporting it in this instance is determined both to good morals and good government. We must reverse the rule of the old liners, "Our party first, our country after." We are and will be governed by the laws of our country and our constitution, and our constitution does not mention parties, although this is the one particular change in the constitution which the bosses wish for—making party irregularity a misdemeanor.

Perhaps, with the exception of 1776 and 1860, there has never been a time in our political history when personal friendships were in such jeopardy as at this time. The progressives resent the attacks questioning Mr. Roosevelt's character, integrity and sincerity, feeling that any question of this kind reflects indirectly on their own moral turpitude, while the only argument of the other side is based on some such hypothesis. When one charges the man you have honored for President with being a crook, a criminal, a grafter, a drunkard, the more especially when those personally close to Mr. Roosevelt and most prominently identified with the cause are those whose whole lives have been given to the moral and social uplift of humanity, it is natural that resentment of such charges are made personal. Is it not strange that Miss Jane Addams, who has sacrificed ambition and happiness all her life for the benefit of the working girls of the cities, should identify herself with the cause if Mr. Roosevelt is such as his enemies depict him? Is it not strange that Judge Lindsey, who has fought for years for the children of our land, and a Democrat, should stand side by side with Mr. Roosevelt if he is a montebank and a crook? Has Lyman Abbott surrendered all the good of a long life of work for social decency to stand for a political grafter? Have all the leaders been hoodwinked by a political corruptionist? Emphatically No! Political history has its parallell. Lincoln, like Roosevelt, was the most loved and most vilified man in the annals of political history.

"He who steals my purse steals trash, but he who filcheth from me my good name takes that which enricheth him not but makes me poor indeed."

"One swallow does not make a summer," neither does one man of high moral standing and for the past two years reasonably progressive, make a whole national party progressive. The Democratic party has nominated a man of high moral standing and intellectual attainments, in order that the impression may be given that the party has suddenly turned a back summersault and has really become progressive. On the other hand we continue to see the solid Democratic south following the same lines in politics that were followed 40 years ago—these states are still in shackles of the political boss and are allowed to make no headway in throwing them off and probably will continue for another 40 years, to prevent any movement toward political decency, should the Democratic party remain in power. "A nation cannot exist half slave and half free," neither can a political party be effective when it is half progressive and half reactionary. The action of placing Mr. Wilson at the head of the Democratic party is like a good pure girl marring a "rounder" to reform him—it fails to succeed.

The Democratic party carrying Alton B. Parker, Tom Taggart, Roger Sullivan, Fitzgerald, Oscar Underwood, Boss Murphy, who are high in the councils of the party, is just as unworthy of support of the voters of the country as is the so-called Republican party with its Root, Taft and his managers, Barnes, Penrose, Guggenheim, Crane, Olmstead, Mulvane, Jim Watson, Harding and Richard Achilles Ballinger, who have been repudiated by the voters in each district where proper opportunity has been given for expression on the issue.

The common people are coming into their own, and the agency will be the Washington party.

THE LEGISLATIVE COMMITTEE.

An Excellent Plan Adopted by Progressives Who Controlled Republican State Convention.

The Republican State convention of last May, a large majority being composed of delegates elected in support of Roosevelt and the progressive policies for which he stands, adopted essentially a progressive Roosevelt platform and will submit it to the voters of the Commonwealth for their approval at the polls in November. This platform was adopted by the Washington party of Pennsylvania, and the Progressive party of the nation with Roosevelt and Johnson as its candidates. The Chicago convention of August last by resolution recognized the Washington party as the progressive party in Pennsylvania. This was made necessary for the reason that adherents of the Penrose machine had, under the laws of our state, pre-empted in many forms, party titles containing the word progressive and the Progressive party was precluded from the use of a title containing the word progressive, so far as is applicable to the State of Pennsylvania.

This Harrisburg convention did one thing hitherto unknown in American politics; it appointed a committee of 15, choosing the members of that committee from different portions of the State, to draft proper bills, embodying therein the principles and policies declared for in this, as it very properly can be termed, the Republican-Washington party platform, to submit the said bills to the next legislature and directed said committee, if necessary, to appear before the bar of the legislature and the Governor, to urge their enactment into laws.

Dr. William Draper Lewis, Dean of the Law School of the University of Pennsylvania, who was one of the framers of the platform of the Progressive party adopted at Chicago, is one of the most prominent members of this committee, which last week had a three-day session at Harrisburg. Tentative drafts of bills providing for the creation of a public utilities commission and a public charities commission were considered at this meeting—there were also considered a Corrupt Practices act, an act regulating child labor, and the employment of women; also an Employers' Liability act. These proposed laws will be submitted to the public for the purposes of criticism and suggestion by the committee before presenting them to the legislature for its action, and the committee desires the people of the State to become as familiar as possible and assist them in forming this legislation, most important for their benefit.

Northwestern Pennsylvania is represented in this committee by our townsman, Guy B. Mayo. He attended the meeting of the committee and informs us that it is estimated that the proposed legislation relative to public charities alone will save to the people of the Commonwealth from $800,000 to $1,000,000 annually.

The Miner will have more to say on this subject in later issues.

Subscribe for The Miner.

JOHN C. DOYLE DEAD.

Well-Known Sartwell Man Passed Away on Friday, Sept. 13.

John C. Doyle died at his home on the Doyle farm at Sartwell, Friday, September 13th, after an illness of three years' duration, of pulmonary troubles.

The deceased was a native of Sartwell, where he was born May 10th, 1860, and has made his home there throughout his life, engaging in lumbering and farming.

On Oct. 16th, 1885, he was united in marriage to Miss Kathryn Butler, also of Sartwell, who, with the following children survive him: Mrs. Edward Mullin, of Wakeman, Ohio; Clayton, Paul, Edna K., and Mary V. Doyle, of Sartwell. Also by two brothers, A. D. Doyle, of Tulsa, Okla., and Arthur R. Doyle, of Sistersville, W. Va., and one sister, Mrs. T. J. Butler, of Mt. Jewett.

The funeral was held Sunday at the Catholic church at Sartwell, Rev. Father Doyle officiating, at the conclusion of which the remains were laid at rest in the local cemetery.

Mr. Doyle was an energetic, hustling man, who leaves many friends in the community in which he spent his life, and throughout the county.—Mt. Jewett Herald.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

List of letters remaining in the Post Office at Smethport, Pa., for the week ending Sept. 23, 1912:

Campbell, Mrs. Bertha
Carle, Mr. Venz
Frantss, Carrie
Lewis, Mr. Arch C.

Persons calling for these letters please say "Advertised." All unclaimed letters are sent to the Dead Letter Office two weeks from date of advertising.

J. C. GALLUP, Postmaster.

WAVERLY GASOLINE
SPECIAL MOTOR 76
No matter what car you use, be sure of the best gasoline.
The three famous Waverly Gasolines—
76° — Special Motor
are best because they have no carbon deposits—the explosion is instantaneous, powerful, clean—the ignition is quick. No "natural" gasolines used in Waverly.
WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO.
Independent Refiners PITTSBURG, PA.
Also makers of Waverly Special Auto Oil.
FREE 200 Page Book—Tells All About Oil.

NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

Letters of Administrations on the Estate of J. H. Biever, late of the Borough of Smethport, county of McKean and state of Pennsylvania, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, notice is hereby given to all persons indebted to said estate to make immediate payment, and those having claims or demands against the same, will present them to the undersigned, properly authenticated, for settlement.

FRED H. BIEVER, Adm.
Aug.22-6t Smethport, Pa

50c to $4.50

Sweater Coats and Jerseys

FOR MEN AND BOYS

Any kind of a collar and all colors. Look them over.

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H. W. Rubin,

THE RELIABLE CLOTHIER

Don't Buy Tire Worries With a Pleasure Car.

It is now possible to make an automobile journey without a thought of your tires.

RESILIO

Makes it so. It cures every evil chargeable to pneumatic tires. It increases the life of the casings fifty to one hundred per cent. It never loses its vitality. It is a perfect shock absorber. It rides as easy as air. It saves money and annoyance. It does not granulate, freeze or soften. It fits any tire on any rim. It is absolutely trouble proof. It saves expense in special tools. AND MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL, It permits one to continually enjoy the pleasures automobiles were intended to promote.

RESILIO—What It Is

Resilio is a vegetable compound which is forced into the inner tube hot, in a semi-liquid state, where it immediately vulcanizes, and is ready for the road in a few hours.

Pneumatic tires have not kept up with the Pace.

It is conceded that pneumatic tires are ten years behind the times in automobile construction, and many devices have been offered to cover this seemingly unconquerable fault.

Most of them have no merit, and some indifferent merit. Some are beyond reason because of the cost and it remains for

RECILIO

To cover every known objection in tire construction, which it does in the most simple manner and at a very reasonable price.

RESILIO Has Stood the Test

Before a single claim had been made for RESILIO it had been tested for two years on cars subjected to every possible use, and under all climatic conditions.

Actual tests show great gains in efficiency of power in your gasoline; a feature worth remembering.

The motorist whose tires are treated with RESILIO knows what it is to enjoy pneumatic tire speed, resiliency and comfort without pneumatic tire expense, trouble and worry. Knows what it means to feel that there can be No blowouts. No punctures. No extra tires or tubes to carry. No rim cuts. No leaky valves. No delays. No accidents. No dirty work on the roads.

It is not affected by heat or cold. Can be used in any tire under any conditions. Does not flatten from standing or lose its shape from any other reason.

IT IS PERFECTION IN A TIRE FILLER.

If you are interested in RESILIO; for prices and further information call on or address

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Sole agents for McKean County.

MADAME SHERRY

ATTRACTION EXTRAORDINARY

Lyceum Theatre

MONDAY, SEPT. 30, 1912

FIRST TIME HERE!

"The musical event of Smethport's social season."

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MUSICAL HIT

"MADAME SHERRY"

New songs. New costumes. 22 musical hits.

Positively same company and production as seen in Olean, Kane and Bradford recently.

Special Prices 35c, 50c, 75c, $1.00. Few at $1.50. Mail orders accompanied by money order given special attention.

No FREE List! This is a guaranteed attraction

DONT MISS IT

The Sugar Bowl.

QUALITY AND PURITY.

For Fancy Drinks, Frappes, Sundaes, and Ice Cream Sodas (all flavors). The Sugar Bowl is the place to go.

Brick ice cream three colors a specialty.

Ice Cream Packed and delivered at low prices.

Try the Marathonian Salted Almonds

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SPIRO COCONIS, Prop.

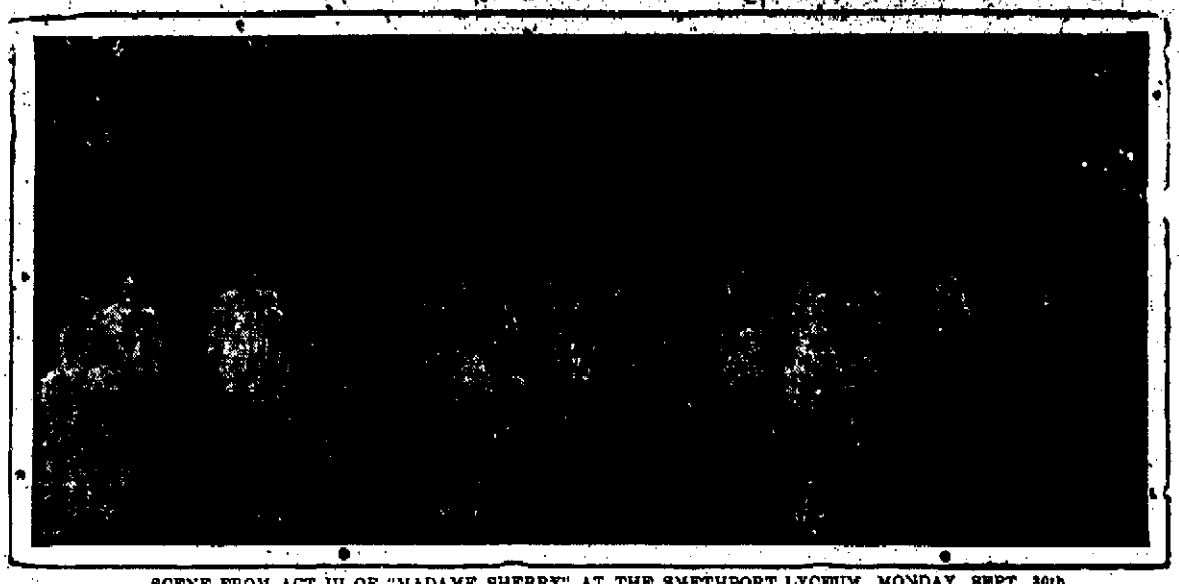
SHOES! SHOES!

This is the place to buy your shoes. We Carry the Finest line of Ladies' and Children's Shoes. Mens' and Boys Shoes in gun meta and patent leather. A big line of working shoes.

Anderson & Carlson,

THE SHOE MEN

Smethport, Penn



SCENE FROM ACT III OF "MADAME SHERRY" AT THE SMETHPORT LYCEUM, MONDAY, SEPT. 30th.

McCALL PATTERNS

McCALL PATTERNS

The Lindholm Company

THE STORE OF QUALITY AND LOW PRICE

WE INVITE YOU TO INSPECT

OUR SPRING LINE OF MILINERY NOW READY

Mrs. Vanasdale, who has charge of the department, will be pleased to show you the newest designs in ladies headwear.

We want you to see them and wish to assure you that your order will have prompt and expert attention.

The Lindholm Co.

The Store of Quality and Low Price.

Guns and Ammunition.

Our line of Guns and Ammunition is the Most Complete we have ever Carried.

Stop in and see our 30 Calibre Remington pumps for big game. Something just out this season, and your gun cabinet is not complete without one. Shot guns in 12 and 16 gauge in both double and single barrels. Also small Calibre rifles for squirrels and small game.

Daly & Garlick's

Hardware and Plumbing Store

You Pay Less Here

We find we help ourselves most by first helping others. Compare our prices with the prices you pay elsewhere and you will be convinced. We save you money on the same quality bought from the same factory. All goods sold by us are guaranteed to quality and prices or your money refunded. A few of the many prices given below.

Best granulated sugar	6c
Niagara corn starch	6c
Arm & Hammar soda	6c
Large size Gold Dust (pkg)	10c
Large size Pet Milk, 9c, 3 for	25c
Large size Post Toasties 9c, 3 for	25c
Maple Flake 9c, 3 for	25c
8 Bars Lenox soap	25c
6 Bars Fels Neptha soap	25c
7 Bars Oak Leaf soap	25c
Royal Baking Powder, 1 lb. can	30c
Medium Red Salmon	15c

Choice Fruits and Vegetables

H. J. ELLSWORTH,

Prompt Delivery — Bell 'phone 107

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Sept. 26, 1912.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—L. D. Gifford is confined to his home on Mill street by illness.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. U. H. Foote on Monday, September 23, 1912, a girl.

—Argument court will be held at the court house on Tuesday, October 15.

—Kane has a new wireless station and owing to the high altitude it is giving excellent service.

—We congratulate Editor and Mrs. A. L. Corwin of Roulette, on the recent arrival of a daughter in their home.

—Mrs. A. T. Palmer is seriously ill at her home on Water street. Her niece, Mrs. Watson of Buffalo, is with her.

—J. Colegrove is quite seriously ill at his home on East Main street. His many friends hope for his speedy recovery.

—T. T. Allen, former principal of the Smethport high school, is now principal of the high school in Uniontown, Pa.

—Johnsonburg has several cases of diphtheria and all houses are under strict quarantine wherever a case has developed.

—Mrs. Claude W. Shattuck entertained a party of ladies at Bridge Whist at her home on Union street Saturday evening.

—Mrs. Van J. Daley is ill at her home on First street with an attack of appendicitis. Dr. C. F. Hoffman is in attendance.—Bolivar Breeze.

—The annual groundhog dinner, that is famous throughout this section, was held at Punxsutawney on Tuesday.

—Miss Beulah Holder entertained a party of young ladies at her home on King street Monday evening. Elegant refreshments were served by the hostess.

—In the list of federal court jurymen to serve during the October term of the United States District court in Pittsburgh are the following from Bradford and McKean county: From Bradford, Courtney E. Hazelton; Smethport, Robert W. Hilton; Kane, O. H. Johnson.—Bradford Era.

—Last Friday evening the members of the team of the P. H. C. lodge tendered Mrs. Mollie Pierce a surprise party at the home of Mrs. Frank Cummings. Mrs. Pierce was at one time the captain of the team. Elegant refreshments were served by the ladies and a delightful time was had by all.

—Donald, the 11-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. James Mundy of Olean, died Saturday afternoon. The child had been visiting his grandmother, Mrs. McDivitt, near Eldred. Saturday he was taken ill with appendicitis, and was being hurried to the Olean General hospital in an automobile when his death occurred.—Bradford Star-Record.

—On Thursday, October 10, a big shooting tournament is to be held at Newton, Pa., under the auspices of the Newton Gun club, of which organization C. D. Henline, of this city, is the president. The program will include 200 targets and the events will be open to all amateurs. For the merchandise event valuable prizes will be awarded. Special prizes for the professional classes. The sport will open at 9 a. m.—Bradford Era.

—It was announced by C. F. McKee local manager of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, that over $4,400 has been set aside for general reconstruction of the outside telephone plant in Smethport. This will include the placing of over 5900 feet of cable which will do away with a large number of unsightly wires and at the same time provide the borough with adequate service which cannot be disturbed by snow and wind.

—Bear hunting will be good in this state this coming season, which opens October 1st. According to reports received by the state game commission, bear is more plentiful in the counties along the northern border of the state than for a number of years. Weather conditions have been most favorable for breeding and the hunter this fall is assured lively sport in hunting bears although the use of steel traps is forbidden.

—The stupendous production of the biggest musical comedy success of the decade, "Madame Sherry," which made record runs in New York and Chicago, and then proceeded to capture the other large cities on the continent, will be seen here next Monday evening. "Madame Sherry" is no stranger here, for visitors to New York have raved about its mirth and musical qualities and many numbers from its fascinating score have become epidemic throughout the land.

—Mrs. Mary Czurozak, aged 38 years, was shot and dangerously wounded by her husband in Oil City last Thursday, and it was reported the following day that she was expected to die. They got into a quarrel because he came home late in the morning after working all night, in an intoxicated condition. The wounded woman made an ante-mortem statement on Friday in which she attempted to exonerate her husband from blame and take it upon herself.

—The Smethport W. C. T. U. met at the M. E. chapel Tuesday afternoon. The president has returned from her vacation and called the meeting to order and conducted the devotional exercises. It was decided to have a social Saturday evening, Oct. 5. Mrs. Flora Freeman; Mrs. Dysa Worster and Mrs. Stella Hall were the committee to arrange for the program. The delegates to the county convention at Kushequa will give their reports at the social and there will be other numbers on the program and refreshments will be served. Everybody invited. Mrs. Worster was appointed to attend the fair Wednesday afternoon and distribute W. C. T. U. literature.

—Dr. John Clark had a very narrow escape from a serious automobile accident last Friday afternoon. He was driving up Willow street in his closed car and had turned onto Mechanic street when he discovered a team nearly across the bridge. It was a choice between a severe collision and a sharp turn to the right and take the chance of crashing throug the light railing which meant a sheer drop of fully 20 feet into Marvin creek. Dr. Clark chose the latter, but was lucky enough to hit the iron railing of the bridge with one wheel which held the car from falling, while the right front wheel crashed the wooden railing and was suspended in mid-air when the car stopped. A. L. Bayer, who was driving the team that so narrowly escaped a smashup, hitched on to the automobile and pulled it back to solid ground. Practically no damage was done to the car.

BLOW YOURSELF

to a new Victrola—we have some beauties for $50.00—If you do not like Victrolai, we will sell you something you do like, in fact anything that sounds or looks like music—even a piano.

The most attractive features about our merchandise are our Prices and quality.

TWO GOOD THINGS—Your money—our goods; let's swap.

BURDICK'S MUSIC STORE,

SIDNEY A. BURDICK, Mgr.

MOTHERS! stop stitching---

Just because your boy has to be fixed up for school is no good reason why you should fuss and stitch and sew and wear out what little patience you've left.

Saves Labor, Time, Worry, Cash.

Right Here, Right Now!

BIG SALE OF BOYS' BLOUSES?

Fit, Fabrics, Fashions—All Correct—And Prices But 50c a Blouse.

MONHEIMERS'

THE WORKING MAN'S STORE.

Home Journal Patterns

Arrow Shirts

FRY & COMES

SPECIAL NOTICE FOR FAIR WEEK.

Store closed from 12:30 until 6:00 p. m. Wednesday, Thursday and Friday.--Open every evenings until 8:00 o'clock.

Outing Flannels
Flannelettes
Fleeced Down

The new fleeced cottons for fall are ready for you now. Cooler days and nights will soon demand the warmth and comfort of Outing Night Gowns—Flannelettes Wrappers—Kimmonas—Dressing sacques, etc.

Nowhere can you find a more complete stock of newest patterns of standard makes than this store is showing—prices too you'll find are as low as the lowest.

1912 Flannels	10c	Daisy Flannels	11c
Flannelettes, 10c, 12½c, 15c		Merrimack Ducking Fleece	15c

FRY & COMES.

SMETHPORT, : : : PA.

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready to lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in our feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE HOME OF Quality Groceries

WHAT PLACE Can be more TANTALIZING TO THE KIDS than the pantry with locked doors. ESPECIALLY

When they know it is filled With Good Things From Our Store! Be patient, until meal time Kids!

TRY THESE, They'll Please!

GEO. WASHINGTON Prepared coffee.

Made in the cup.

Does not contain chicory or any other adulterant.

ARTIS BROTHERS' PLUM PUDDING

Just the thing to complete that Sunday Dinner.

F. W. BROWNELL,

PHONE 7.

Colegates Toilet Articles.

Our line of Colgates Toilet Articles, Soaps, Powders and Creams, is the best in the market and you should not be without a generous supply.

Call and inspect our line.

Perfumes We have just received a nice display of perfumes of the choicest fragrance, in fancy bottles or we can refill your old bottle at from 25c to $3.00 per oz.

WELLS DRUG STORE

For Fresh Candies Nuts and Fruit Go To **Brasted's**

The Lonely House

Which Has Wonderful Healing Powers

By CLARISSA MACKIE

"Lonely House, situated at the head of a beautiful glen. Absolute solitude guaranteed. Admirably adapted for sufferers from melancholia Complete recovery guaranteed. Excellent table. Farm products. Address Mrs. Mook, Lonely Glen, N Y."

"I'm not exactly suffering from melancholia, but I have a longing to be entirely alone for awhile," said Paul Gerrick, throwing aside the newspaper with a yawn. "I believe I'll pack my grip and take my fishing rod and camera and try the month at Lonely House."

He sat down to write a letter to Mrs. Mook, attracted by the oddity of the advertisement. That absolute solitude might be a cure for melancholia had never impressed him before, and he felt a strong attraction for the Lonely House, and he was curious to know just who his companions might be

Paul Gerrick had a whole month's vacation to spend as he chose. He had slaved all through the spring months in order to obtain this four weeks' vacation from his desk in the big insurance company where he was a minor official. He was to spend the vacation at Sandy Point, the summer home of the Belthorpes, on Massachusetts bay He was deeply in love with Nancy Belthorpe, and when he accepted the invitation to become one of the large house party he had counted on the visit for an opportunity to tell his love to the girl whom he was sure was not indifferent to him.

The very first night at Sandy Point there had been a dance on the lawn, and after he had waltzed with Nancy to the tune of one of Schubert's most alluring melodies he had left her in the shade of a rose arbor while he brought her an ice When he returned she was standing there in the doorway, her back toward him The moonlight fell on the white curve of her neck and the gleam of her golden hair He set his small tray on the ground

'Dearest," he began softly, his arm about her, when she turned suddenly and released herself "Why, Paul Gerrick," exclaimed the girl, "you getting sentimental in your old age—and with me?"

He looked aghast into the laughing face of Grace Addis, a girl who was engaged to young Belthorpe, Nancy's brother There within the arbor stood Nancy her face pale in the moonshine her eyes sparkling dangerously There was no time for apology, explanation Jim Belthorpe came up, the ices were served another partner carried Nancy off, and he did not have another opportunity to speak to her that night.

The next morning he prowled around the rose garden before breakfast until he espied Nancy cutting flowers down a sunny path He approached her diffidently

'Nancy' he began humbly, but she turned a severe profile toward him, and her dark eyebrows went up inquiringly

'There is something I must say to you if you will listen," he went on desperately.

"I am quite sure there is nothing that you can say that would interest me, Mr Gerrick," she said indifferently, and his pride stung to the quick, he had bowed formally and departed. It was easy to arrange for a recall to town, and before sunset he had left Sandy point, and there yet remained thirty days of his vacation.

He had dined at his club and after the lonely meal he picked up the newspaper and there read Mrs. Mook's odd advertisement. Two days later he had her reply, and shortly afterward he was on his way to Lonely Glen, deep in the heart of the Catskills

A long, wobbly looking stage was backed up to the platform of the tiny station, and Paul, who was the only passenger for Lonely Glen, entered the musty vehicle with very much the same sense of depression that might have assailed him had it been a hearse.

"Lonely House, eh?" queried the ancient driver from the corner of his mouth. "I guess Mrs. Mook's got a house pretty near full by this time. I've been carrying boarders there day in and day out for nigh a week now'

"How long has Mrs. Mook been taking boarders?" inquired Paul absently, one eye on the beautiful panorama of woodland rocky glens, waterfalls tumbling into moss rimmed pools and steep winding road showing cool vistas of mingled light and shade.

"Five or six years. And the funniest part of it is there's more folks get engaged and married there at Lonely House than I ever heard tell of in any other place Here you be, sir!"

The house was a low, rambling affair painted a soft wood brown that mingled with the bark of the trees and seemed to become part of the forest. A wide piazza encircled it, and there were little rustic summer houses scattered among the trees. As he went up the front steps the door of the house opened and a tiny little lady stepped forth. She was like a quaint, old fashioned miniature with her soft white gown and folded fichu with a rose tucked in its depths. Above her serene face was a crown of snowy hair that added dignity to her small stature. She held out a small white hand in welcome.

"I am glad to see you, Mr. Gerrick," she said simply. "I liked your letter."

"Thank you, Mrs. Mook," he said heartily. "I'm mighty glad I came here; but, honestly, I'm just overflowing with questions I want to ask you."

He placed a chair for her and sat down on the top step, fanning himself with his hat.

"You're not a reporter, Mr. Gerrick?" she asked anxiously

"No, indeed. I'm just curious to know why you open your house to those who desire solitude and how it is that they all pair off and get married."

He smiled winningly at her.

She laughed a merry tinkling laugh, with just a tremble of old age about it "You've been talking to Tobias Hopp,' she said in reply.

"If Tobias is the stage driver, I plead guilty."

"Yes, that is Tobias. He is such a sour old bachelor that I have seriously thought of inviting him to stop at Lonely House for a spell."

Paul Gerrick was startled. "This isn't a—er"— He stammered to an embarrassed pause under her amused scrutiny.

"No, it isn't a matrimonial bureau. It's just this way—no, don't apologize. I don't wonder you are startled at the situation as Tobias has placed it before you. I am sure you are in no immediate danger."

She laughed outright at his chagrin.

"Oh, I'm not a prize, I know that very well," he retorted, with just a tinge of bitterness that betrayed him to the keen eyed little woman in the rocking chair

"You will understand the situation readily," she said sedately. "There are plenty of people in the world who have met with sorrow of some sort which they want to fight out alone. The very proximity of their dearest friends only adds to their pain and bitterness, and as peace is to be found next to nature I decided to build a lonely house here in the woods as a rest cure for hearts." She paused and looked at his handsome face with unconcealed interest.

"For hearts?" he echoed, a faint color surging his cheeks as he recollected how the advertisement had appealed to his own smitten organ.

"For lonely hearts," went on Mrs. Mook, smoothing down the soft folds of her gown "I have a public dining room where all who care to may eat together, or, if they prefer, they take their meals in their rooms They have perfect freedom and need not speak to a soul from morning till night. It is understood that there is no breach of courtesy if guests do not speak to one another when they meet. It is optional with their moods They may each scatter to the limits of the forest, or they may gather in twos or threes, as they choose It is a singular fact that almost every guest who has come to me has suffered some grief which he wants to fight out alone Very often hearts are caught on the rebound, as you know, and that accounts for the marriages which have resulted from the establishment of Lonely House'

"You ought to call it Cupid's bower," said Paul with an attempt at raillery

She shook her head That would never do Now, if you will come with me I will show you to your room"

Paul went and discovered a delightfully cool green and white room, in which a delicious dinner was shortly served to him He had expressed a wish to take his meals in solitude for awhile, but after the first two days he fairly longed for human companionship

Occasionally he met his fellow guests in the hall or on the veranda or wandering about the glen, but he had little or no communication with them. Most of them seemed to be in a morose condition of mind and quite as willing to be let alone as he was.

At the end of the second day he was desperately in need of human companionship, and he wandered down to the glen, hoping to find some convalescent who would talk to him about the fishing or discuss the weather On this evening the glen seemed deserted. The sun was sending a golden filtering light through the green branches, and the waterfall was turned to liquid gold. It was not until he stood beside the moss rimmed pool below and his dazzled eyes became accustomed to the light that he discovered he was not alone.

A girl stood near him gazing at the waterfall intently The noise of the water had hushed his footsteps, and she seemed unaware of his presence. All at once she lifted a little hand and pressed a handkerchief to her eyes. Then he saw that it was Nancy Belthorpe. Why was she here? What heart grief had she? He would find out.

"Nancy," he said gently, and, although she could not have heard his voice, she must have felt his presence, for she turned and saw him. Her blue eyes were drowned in tears. "Are they for me, Nancy, darling?" he whispered.

"Yes," she sobbed. "I couldn't stay there after I sent you away. After you went Grace Addis told me that she knew you thought it was me, but I was so horribly jealous and"—

"How long have you been here in the Lonely House?" asked Paul after awhile.

"I arrived this morning. And you?"

He told her, and then he added: "Let us go and find Mrs. Mook and tell her we are cured. She may want to use our pictures as an advertisement."

They did not have to tell Mrs. Mook, for she read the secret in their happy faces as they came up the path.

Fooled

It Doesn't Appear Who Was Fooled Till the End of the Story

By READ GRIDLEY

After being graduated at an American college I took a course at Heidelberg My reason for doing so was not to learn more from books, but to take part in the rollicking German student life I had heard so much about. I joined a dueling corps and became proficient with the small sword.

Upon leaving the university I traveled for awhile before returning to America with Baron Donhoff, a Prussian with whom I had been on intimate terms at Heidelberg

One day we entered a railway coach at Berlin to go to Munich. There were seats for six persons in the coach, one half the passengers facing the other half. Donhoff and I rode backward, I by a window, Donhoff on my right. Directly opposite me sat a pretty girl. The moment I saw her I recognized her for an American first, because she was traveling alone and, secondly, by a certain air of confidence in herself that our American girls possess

"WHO INFORMED YOU OF THIS FIGHT?"

Next her sat a middle aged German woman and next this woman a lieutenant in the German army He had about him a supercilious air that made me feel that I would like to snub him. A draft of air coming in at the window by which the American girl sat, he shrugged his shoulders as if chilled and, without saying by your leave, reached past both women between him and the window and pulled it up, closing it

The American girl as soon as he had resealed himself lowered it The lieutenant with a scowl, again reached out to raise it when I interfered by holding his wrist. He sank back in his seat and fumbling in his pocket pulled out a cardcase and handed me a card. It read, "Lieutenant Adolph Becker" Of course this meant a challenge. I handed the card to Donhoff, who asked Lieutenant Becker where he would stop and learned that he was going to Munich. Donhoff gave him his and my address and told him that he would be at home that evening.

Soon after the bit of altercation had passed the young lady of her own accord put up the window. The lieutenant took no notice of the act, simply staring straight ahead of him from behind a pair of glasses with an impassive look on his face.

We were traveling with the wind, and soon after the American girl raised the window, the train passing around a curve, a gust came in through the glass, it seemed, which caused the lieutenant to shiver more than ever. Donhoff raised his cane and put it right through the opening without meeting the slightest resistance. A broad smile appeared on the pretty mouth of the American girl, displaying a very white set of teeth and causing a dimple to break in each cheek.

"Thank you, sir," she said to me in English, "for your gallant support, but it was unnecessary. Sitting next the window, I could not but know there was no glass in it. I only put it up because I thought the gentleman before lowering it should have asked my permission. Now that you know that there was no cause for difficulty I trust that you will return the officer his card."

She had heard me speaking in English to Donhoff, who preferred that I should chat with him in that language that he might perfect himself in it. Donhoff, who understood her, asked me if he would better explain the matter to the officer, and I told him that he might do so, but I did not think it would change matters. It did not change matters, because the lieutenant had challenged me for my interference, the window itself having nothing to do with the matter.

The young lady overheard Donhoff's explanation and the lieutenant's reply, for she spoke German very well, and as soon as she became aware that a meeting between me and him was inevitable her expression changed. There was no longer a smile on her face or mischief in the eye. Indeed, she looked very much troubled.

I realized at once that a lady being in the secret of the coming affair rendered the situation embarrassing When the train stopped at a station for refreshment Donhoff and I got out, ostensibly to stretch our legs, but really for conference I told Donhoff to seek an interview with my challenger and tell him that, since the girl knew of our expected meeting, I would apologize to him in her hearing, he could accept my apology, and we could then have our meeting just the same.

"Here he comes now," said Donhoff, and the young man, with a very small waist, came triangulating on a pair of very long thin legs. Donhoff accosted him, told him of the game we proposed to play before the young lady, and in a few minutes we were again seated in the car speeding on toward Munich. Shortly after starting I addressed Lieutenant Becker in German

"Herr Lieutenant, inasmuch as it made no difference to any of us whether the window was up or down, I have made up my mind that the affair between us can go no further Since it cannot be stopped without an apology from me I offer you one."

"I accept your apology," replied the officer, with no very good grace.

I gave the American girl a furtive glance to discover if she were deceived, but could not exactly make out whether she was or not. I thought I saw on her face an expression of dissatisfaction—indeed, contempt for me—because I had made the apology This I did not like Possibly she considered that I had shown the white feather This view of the case was strengthened by her subsequent treatment of me, which was to say the least, not cordial I addressed a remark to her and her reply was very cool and given with a manner indicating that she did not care to continue the conversation

It was certainly irritating to have taken upon myself a duel in defense of a fellow country woman to be snubbed by her for having crawled out of it I had not considered this possibility and was not prepared for it. But what could I do? The rest of my ride was unpleasant in the extreme I could not very well change my seat, and I was obliged to sit facing the girl, who took no pains to conceal her condemnation of the course I had taken in order to avoid a meeting with Herr Becker

Finally, thinking that she did not understand such matters, I explained to her that an officer in the German army could not avoid giving a challenge after having been treated as I had treated him without being obliged to leave the service in disgrace Either I must apologize or the duel must take place

The girl looked at me with an expression that was unintelligible Whether she did not believe the excuse I gave her or for some other cause, she simply nodded her head and remained silent. I was sorry I had attempted an explanation. I had not made matters better, but worse Turning red in the face, I pulled a book from my pocket and began to read, or rather to pretend to read for I was too chagrined to do anything of the kind After spending some minutes in this way I suddenly looked over the page I was reading at the young lady and caught her looking at me with a puzzling expression What it meant I could not guess

On arriving at Munich the young lady called a porter who took her hand luggage and Donhoff and I raised our hats to her She was very civil to Donhoff but scarcely recognized my salute

"A woman all over," I remarked. "If a man is ready to fight for her she won't have it, if he takes advantage of there being no necessity to fight for her she despises him."

Donhoff arranged with a friend Becker sent him for a meeting the next morning in a corner of a park, where such affairs usually took place. We had no fear of the police, who did not interfere in duels unless their attention was called to them so pointedly that they could not very well help themselves. Donhoff and I went to the ground, where we arrived about the same time as Becker, his second and a fat little man with glasses and a case of surgical instruments. Being the challenged party, I had chosen for weapons the small sword. We were about to take our positions when the police appeared from concealment and put us all under arrest.

"Who informed you of this fight?" I asked.

"An American lady."

"That's too bad," I exclaimed. I was really disappointed. "We thought we had fooled her."

A police official handed me a note signed Ethel Warren, saying that if I would call upon her she would be pleased to see me.

Well, there was nothing to do but drop the matter, at least for the present, and, acting on the explanation I had given Miss Warren that Becker must fight or get an apology, I made him one in earnest. I was too much displeased—or thought I was—with Miss Warren to go to see her for some time, but finally did so to set myself right as to that first apology to Becker

She received me very graciously and with a half triumphant, half comical smile.

"You thought you had deceived me," she said, "in that mock apology. From the car window I saw you and your friend converse together, then saw him join the officer immediately after leaving you."

"Then why did you treat me so contemptuously?" I asked.

"How could I have better led you to believe that I had been deceived by your story?"

Resurrection of the Pig.

'Boys' and girls' essays are so remarkable sometimes as to suggest the conscious cleverness of the adult. Here is one pure and unadulterated, sent in for the children's essay competition in connection with the Darwin agricultural show. Probably you think you know something of the pig already. It will be instructive exercise to fill out your knowledge of this animal from this essay "For the pig to die" (we are informed) "is to be born again to a sphere of greater utility. When we get out of bed in the morning we brush our hair and clothes with its bristles, for our breakfast we have a crisp, savory piece of bacon. When we arrive home for our dinner we find some tender chops awaiting us, and when we go back to work we feel as strong as Jack Johnson On our arrival home to tea we find some pork sausages frizzling in the pan, and we have our supper of cold sausages, which perhaps disturbs our sleep And we dream of bacon, pork chops and sausages, and the cause of all this is the pig."—Dundee Advertiser

The Hotel Hoodoo Room.

"We used to have a room in the old Fifth Avenue hotel that was known as the suicide room," said a former clerk "Of course the name was an office secret, but whenever one of us rented that room to a stranger we never felt quite comfortable about him until after he had left the hotel Now that the old hotel is gone there can be no harm in mentioning that the number of the room was 569 I don't see how even the most superstitious person could get a hoodoo out of that number and nobody ever refused to take it so far as I know, but it is a fact that of the twenty-five suicides that took place in the Fifth Avenue hotel during fifty years seventeen occurred in room 569 The last that took place was that of a young woman, who drowned herself in a bathtub You will find that in any big hotel that has been running for any length of time there is a room that has a hoodoo of some kind on it."—New York Sun

Filing an Alibi.

Parson White's precautionary measure of protecting his chicken coop with chilled steel bars was futile, for that very night four more of his choice Leghorns disappeared, leaving the severed bars as the only visible evidence of the theft However, his suspicions pointed toward his next door neighbor, whom he had seen prowling around his yard that day, and accordingly he had this suspect up in the police court the next morning

"If the prisoner can file an alibi I'll let him off with a suspended sentence," announced the judge at the end of the evidence Can you file an alibi, Ham'

"I guess I can," eagerly rejoined the suspect "if it ain't any harder den Pahson White's chicken coop bars."—San Francisco Star

Grace Knives

There is a curious class of knives of the sixteenth century the blades of which have engraved on one side the musical notes to the benediction of the table, or grace before meat, and on the other the grace after meat. These knives usually went in sets of four, representing a four part harmony of bass, tenor, alto and treble They were kept in an upright case of stamped leather and were placed before the singers according to the adaptation of each one to his particular part. As may be supposed, the inscription was usually in Latin The following specimen is taken from actual knives of the period "Pro tuis beneficiis Deus, gratias agimus tibi" (For thy good gifts, O God, we thank thee)

A Witty Reply.

It was during one of the recent strikes. An old man, evidently a striker, who looked rather seedy and down at the heel, went up to a trio of young strikers who were standing at the corner of the street and asked if one of them could lend him a match. One of the young men, thinking he would have a joke at the old man's expense, handed him a match and with a serious face said to him.

"But when will I get it back?"

"After the strike," was the quick though unexpected reply.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Quickly Settled.

Mamma, on hearing that her sister had received a new little girl, said to Lillian, her young daughter, "Lillian, auntie has a new baby, and now mamma is the baby's aunt, papa is the baby's uncle and you are her little cousin."

"Well," said Lillian wonderingly, "wasn't that arranged quick?"

Noisy.

Lawyer—Now, sir, tell me, are you well acquainted with the prisoner? Witness—I've known him for twenty years. Lawyer—Have you, I must now ask, ever known him to be a disturber of the public peace? Witness—Well—er—he used to belong to a fife and drum corps.

One Thing Lacking.

"She has violet eyes, rosy cheeks and a lily white throat."

"Yes. She'd be all right if she didn't have a voice like a raspberry bush."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Judging by the Effect.

She—What was it the choir just sang? He—From the appearance of the congregation I think it must have been some kind of a lullaby.—Laughter.

I hold that one to be the best dressed whose dress no one observes.—Thackery.

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Luxury on Shipboard.

Sumptuously furnished vessels were known centuries ago. The ship that Archimedes designed for Hiero II., king of Syracuse, not only was wonderfully decorated—the story of the Iliad was told in marquetry, but there were flower beds on the promenade deck, a gymnasium, staterooms with three beds, a library, bathroom with hot and cold water, stables and horses, fish ponds and many fair rooms paved with agate and precious stones. And this vessel was designed as a carrier of wheat. It was first named the Syracusan, but afterward the Alexandrian. Archimedes wrote a poem in its honor, and Hiero, in gratitude and appreciation, sent him a thousand measures of cheese and thoughtfully prepaid the expense. Moschion gives a detailed description of this ship. Then there was the Egyptian vessel, the joy of Ptolemy Philopator, with galleries and promenades, a temple of Venus with her statue, a drinking hall, belvederes, a grotto the sides of which were decorated with precious stones set in ornaments of gold.—Boston Herald.

Real Optimism.

"What a grand old world this is! Have you ever seen a more perfect day than this?"

"Has your salary been raised?"

"No."

"New boy at your house?"

"Oh, no; nothing like that."

"Perhaps you have received word that you are heir to a fortune?"

"Nothing of that kind has happened to me."

"Perhaps you have written a play that somebody has accepted for a production?"

"I'm not a writer. Why do you make such a suggestion?"

"I'm just trying to figure out why you think the world is so grand and the day so beautiful."

"Oh, you're one of those who can't understand why one may be optimistic without having some material reason for it, eh? By the way, I've just sold my house for $2,500 more than I paid for it eight months ago." — Chicago Record-Herald.

Frog Egg Curiosities.

Frogs' eggs are laid before they really become eggs in the true sense of that word. They are always laid under water and when first deposited are covered with a sort of envelope in the shape of a thin membrane. In this shape they are very small, but as soon as they come in contact with the water they rapidly absorb that element, and in so doing go through a queer transformation. The thin membrane containing the little seedlike eggs is quickly changed into great lumps of a clear jelly-like substance, each section joined to the other, the whole forming a string from a few inches to several feet in length. On the inside of each of these lumps of jelly the eggs come to perfection and in due course of time add their quota to the frog population of the world.

Defense of Literature.

Thackeray was a past patron of the royal literary fund and frequently appeared at its annual dinners. It was at one of these dinners—on May 14, 1851—that the novelist made a noble vindication of the dignity of letters. "We don't want patrons," he said; "we want friends, and I thank God we have them. And as for any idea that our calling is despised by the world, I do, for my part, protest against and deny the whole statement. I have been in all sorts of society in this world, and I have never been despised that I know of. I don't believe there has been a literary man of the slightest merit or of the slightest mark who did not greatly advance himself by his literary labors. * * * And therefore I say don't let us be pitied any more."

Fishing For Sheep.

When sheep were first introduced into Cornwall, England, a flock which had strayed from the uplands on to Gwithian sands were caught there by the tide and ultimately carried into St. Ives bay during the night. There the floating flock was observed from the St. Ives fishing boats, whose crews, never having seen sheep, took them for some new kind of fish and did their best to secure them both by hooks and lines and by netting. Those they secured they brought home triumphantly next morning as a catch to which even pilchards were as nothing.

Reminiscence.

"Do you remember the way you used to write the same wise sentence over and over again in your copybook?"

"Yes," replied the politician. "Those were the happy days. You weren't afraid somebody was going to dig up something you had scribbled off in an idle moment and use it against you in a campaign."—Washington Star.

Quite Businesslike.

He had written to the magazine editor's daughter asking if she could return his love.

"How careless of him!" she said, throwing the epistle in the wastebasket. "He should have inclosed return postage."—Philadelphia Record.

Her Pertinent Query.

"Mother," asked the little one on the occasion of a number of guests being present at dinner, "will the dessert hurt me or is there enough to go round?"—Sacred Heart Review.

Answering Her Father.

"Could you support my daughter in the style to which she has been accustomed?"

"I have never tried such rigid economy, sir."—Life.

Of all persecutions, that of calumny is the most intolerable.—Hazlitt.

The Sacred Codfish.

The sacred codfish carved in wood is to be seen on the walls of the hall of representatives in the statehouse at Boston. It occupies a place of honor between two classic pillars immediately opposite the desk of the speaker. Bostonians aver that this is the original sacred codfish of the old colony and that it has had a place in the halls of the lawmakers of Massachusetts for over 150 years. It is a relic of the assembly hall that gave way to the present statehouse. The following is the origin generally assigned to it:

One Captain John Welch of Boston was the creator and carver of the famous fish. In his time he was held to be a wood carver of no mean ability. He established himself in Dock square in 1747. A member of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company, Welch rose in time to its captaincy. He was called on to contribute to the decoration of the colonial assembly hall, and as at that period codfish was the colony's main article of export Welch conceived the notion of immortalizing it.—Harper's.

Youthful Authors.

Although it was not published until a year or two later, it is probable that Keats wrote his famous "Ode to Autumn" in his sixteenth year, and, indeed, all his five great odes, among the greatest in any language, before he attained legal manhood. He died at twenty-five, so that all the great masterpieces which came from his pen may be regarded as the production of a boy. Robert Burns wrote that scathing satire, "Holy Willie's Prayer" when he had barely passed his youth, and indeed, the whole of the poems in the famous Kilmarnock edition, a copy of which sold some little time since for £570, were written before he was twenty-five. But even the precocity of Burns was put in the shade by that of Chatterton, who committed suicide in a fit of despair in a London garret when he was seventeen. He wrote the whole huge volume of the Rowley poems when he was a schoolboy at Bristol.

An Underground Canal.

Between Worsley and St. Helens, in the north of England, is the most remarkable canal in the world. It is underground, from end to end, and is sixteen miles long. In Lancashire the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined, and many years ago the Duke of Bridgewater's managers thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface. The canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time. Ordinary canal boats are used, but the power is furnished by men. On the roof of the tunnel arch are cross-pieces, and the men do the work of propulsion by lying on their backs on the coal and pushing with their feet against the crossbars on the roof.—Argonaut.

Thrice Wrecked in One Week.

In 1853 as the schooner Albatross was driving east across the Banks in a murky storm she met her end from a low lying berg. Of her crew of ten only two escaped, having cut clear the dinghy and launched it safely. Next day they were picked up by the fishing schooner Energy, making for the Newfoundland coast. Driven south by bad weather, she sighted, two days later, the steamer Liddesdale, with a load of cotton. She agreed to take the castaways, and in closing with the Energy sank her, but saved her crew. Thirty-six hours later the Liddesdale herself went ashore near Cape Race and became a total loss. Thus the two men were wrecked three times in one week—berg, steamboat and rock.

The Servian Swineherd.

In any Servian village there is only one swineherd, and he leads all the pigs of the community. In the morning he goes through the streets blowing his horn, and the pigs come out of their own accord and fall in behind him and follow him to the pasture. At night he brings them home, and they disperse to their sties in the same orderly way as they pass the houses to which they belong. They require no attention and no singling out.

Domestic Science.

She—Here is a woman who says the only girl to marry is one who has been taught domestic science. He—What sort of education is that? She—It's the sort that turns a kitchen into an experimental laboratory and makes the garbage can a retort of waste tissues and discarded calorie.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Graduates.

"You and Bilgewater were boys together?"

"Yes. There was a time when we were satisfied with a cream puff between us, but now he wants a baseball franchise and I long for a private yacht."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Impatience.

In all evils which admit a remedy impatience should be avoided because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which if properly applied might remove the cause.—Johnson.

Helpfulness.

To be a strong hand in the dark to another in the time of need, to be a cup of strength to a human soul in a crisis of weakness, is to know the glory of life.—Hugh Black.

Power of Words.

She—Ah, what power lies in a word! He—Yes; one word from a woman once blighted my whole life. She—Yes? Was it "No?" He—No. It was "Yes!"—Exchange.

Poor Conjurer's Presents.

"Just once at every performance I regret my skill as a magician," said the conjurer. "That is when the little folk I call up on the stage to assist me in a certain turn are afraid to accept the bona fide presents I offer them for fear they will go off. At a certain point in the performance I request a girl and a boy of ten or thereabout to step up. After an interchange of confidences, in which they tell me their first names, and I tell them mine, we get along swimmingly together until they leave the stage, when I present each with an appropriate present. Their gingerly way of handling it tweaks my heart-strings painfully. It would please me to possess those youngsters' trust and confidence, but my success as a magician precludes that. With books and candy held at arm's length they tiptoe down the aisle, and, no doubt, every chocolate is nibbled and every page turned in constant terror lest some new trick be sprung on them."—New York Times.

The Making of Paper.

The fineness to which the rags are ground has no direct influence on the durability of the paper, for even broken cells of linen and hemp remain unchanged for thousands of years in favorable conditions. The employment of strong alkalies and of starch size appears to be the cause of rag paper becoming yellow and brittle, while neutral or mildly alkaline treatment and animal size favor durability. Air drying favors the durability of paper. Even the best rag papers are injured if not destroyed by soaking or excessive dampness. It is impossible to speak with certainty of the durability of modern papers containing few or no rags, as the ultimate effect of the new process of making, sizing, loading and calendering cannot be foreseen. Many new papers have already proved their lack of permanence.—Exchange.

Gunpowder.

The explosive nature of gunpowder, which is made of charcoal, sulphur and saltpeter, is due to the fact that when fired the charcoal and sulphur are burned at the expense of the oxygen in the saltpeter, much heat is developed and large quantities of gas are produced. This gas exerts great pressure on the sides of the gun; hence its disruptive or propulsive effects. When gunpowder is fired in a gun the explosion is not instantaneous. The expansive force of the gases produced acts on the shot all the time it is moving along the barrel and gradually increases its velocity. If the explosion were so sudden as to be practically instantaneous the greater part of the forces would be exerted mainly on the sides of the chamber containing the powder and no, as is actually the case, on the shot.

A Prisoner of St. Kilda.

A romance of St. Kilda is the story of Lady Grange, wife of an eighteenth century Scottish lord of session. She was for some mysterious reason seized and carried off in the dark, she knew not by whom, and conveyed by night journeys to the highland coast, and thence by sea to St. Kilda. There among the few inhabitants she remained for several years a prisoner, provided, however, with a constant supply of food and a woman to wait upon her. No inquiry was made for her, but at last she conveyed a letter to a friend by the daughter of a catechist, who hid it in a clew of yarn. A ship was sent to rescue her, but her jailers got wind of it and transferred her to the island of Herries, where she died.

Glass Flowers.

In the University Museum of Harvard is a collection of plants modeled in glass. It is a wonderful collection both in size and in the beauty and accuracy of the work. It includes flowering plants, from the simplest to the most elaborate and complex, being done in the natural color of the particular flower modeled, with buds, leaves and stems. This is known as the Ware collection. The plants were modeled by Leopold Blaschka, founder of the art of modeling specimens in glass. He was born May 27, 1822, in Aicha, a town in northern Bohemia.—Boston Post.

Practical Results.

"There may be something in this theory of telepathy," said the mystical person.

"You mean thought concentration that enables you to impress your ideas on others?" inquired Senator Sorghum.

"Yes."

"Well, there may be something in it, but don't depend on it. For practical results in impressing people telepathy will never compare with a brass band and a parade."—Washington Star.

Force and Perseverance.

There are two ways of attaining an important end—force and perseverance. Force falls to the lot only of the privileged few, but austere and sustained perseverance can be practiced by the most insignificant. Its silent power grows irresistible with time.—Mme. Swetchine.

Wary.

Percy—Her father said if he caught me in the house again he would kick me out. Harold—Have you called since? Percy—Do I look as if I had been kicked?—Exchange.

He Got Her.

"Oh," she said, "your conduct is enough to make an angel weep."

"I don't see you shedding a tear," he retorted, and his ready wit saved the day.

Evil spreads as necessarily as disease.—Eliot.

FLAMES THAT ARE NURSED.

Siam's Sacred Fire and the Fires of Vengeance of Shelly.

History records many strange examples of fires that are kept burning for long periods of time. The best known examples are those of pagan people who keep up perpetual fires as a religious custom.

The oldest known fire in the world is that in a Buddhist temple near Bangkok, Siam, which has been burning without interruption for two centuries. A priest is always on guard to watch the sacred flame. Every four years a new flame is kindled, but this is always lighted in the great brazier from a brand of the old fire.

The life of a grand vizier in Persia was once saved by a Parsee trader, who discovered and exposed a plot to kill the royal official. In spite of the fact that the Persians are Mohammedans and hold fire worshipers in contempt, a single flame has been kept burning continuously for seventy years at Barhad in honor of the humble trader.

In inhabited lands within the arctic circle fires have been known to burn for years. This, however, is not so much a custom as it is a simple practice based on reasons of convenience and necessity because of the scarcity of wood or kindling of any kind to produce ignition. Oil is the fuel of the people of the snows.

In Sicily it has long been the custom of the vendetta to maintain the "fire of vengeance" until one's enemy has been slain. The criminal records of that fiery island are full of instances of fires that were kept up for years until death overtook the unfortunate victim whose life had been marked for destruction.—New York Times.

Ways of the Papuans.

The Papuans have no metals and no pottery. "The people at Parimau have a small piece of iron about the size of a chisel, used for carving their canoes and paddles, for which the enormous price of three dogs had been paid, so they informed us, to the people of Wakatimi," says A. F. R. Wollaston in his "Pygmies and Papuans." The Papuan dogs, by the way, never bark, "but they make up for this defect by their extraordinary power of howling," and are carried away by an ecstasy of sorrow. The Tapiro pygmies carry their knives, the flint implements of prehistoric man, in a skillfully netted bag worked in a figure of eight stitch and use the sharp flakes not only for cutting purposes, but for scraping down the wood of their bows and for pointing and ornamenting their arrows. They carry about with them also a sleeping mat fabricated by a woman out of pandanus leaves, some tobacco, which they smoke in a cylinder of bamboo, and their apparatus for fire making—the split stick, the coiled rattan and the tinder.

Caught at Last.

To bring about the victory of good over evil has been assumed to be the especial aim of saints and sages, but savages, it seems, may sometimes be militant in the same cause. In his book, "The White Waterfall," Mr. James Francis Dwyer relates the story of a missionary who preached to a tribe of blacks in northern Queensland and told them in simple language of Adam and Eve and their expulsion from the Garden of Eden. The episode of the serpent much excited the converts, and when the missionary arrived at the blacks' camp on the following day the natives had collected half a hundred or more snakes, which they brought out for the good man's inspection.

"But why do you want me to examine them?" asked the parson, puzzled.

The chief of the tribe winked knowingly.

"You tell 'em if old snake here that mak 'em plenty trouble, Mr. Adam," he said, grinning. "We think 'em you find dat old feller with this lot."

On Slender Bases.

Sir Herbert Tree, the amount of whose correspondence is doubtless overwhelming, has been the recipient, it is said, of some extraordinary letters. From them three samples are selected for quotation, each from a member of the fair sex. The first runs: "Dear Sir Herbert—I don't know you, but I have four girls from Switzerland home for the holidays. It would be a great treat if they could see your play. But that would be rather expensive. Will you please send us five stalls? I hope you won't think this is very bare faced." The second lady wrote, "Although I am a stranger to you, it would be so helpful if you would send me £2 12s. 6d." The third lady asked for a couple of stalls and on being invited to say why she made the claim sent what she evidently thought to be an all sufficient reason. "My father," she wrote, "knew Charles Dickens!"

Ancient Tricks.

The arts of jugglery were, as has been proved by learned writers, of high antiquity. The Hirpini, who lived near Rome, jumped through burning coals; women in early times were accustomed to walk over burning coals in Cappadocia, and the exhibition of balls and cups is often mentioned in the works of the ancients. It was as far back as the third century that one Fermus, or Firmius, who endeavored to make himself emperor in Egypt, suffered a smith to forge iron on an anvil placed on his breast, and rope dancers with balancing poles are mentioned by Petronius and others, while the various feats of horsemanship exhibited in our circuses passed in the nineteenth century, from Egypt to the Byzantine court and thence over all Europe.

Wellington's Idea of Himself.

"I hope to God," Wellington said one day, "that I have fought my last battle. It is a bad thing to be always fighting. While in the thick of it I am too much occupied to feel anything, but it is wretched just after. It is quite impossible to think of glory. Both mind and feelings are exhausted. I am wretched even at the moment of victory, and I always say that, next to a battle lost, the greatest misery is a battle gained." * * * The expression of his face, which was lit up by an intensity of feeling, gave those simple words an eloquence which went straight to the listener's heart. I was that listener.

"It is experience," he said another time, "that gives me the advantage over every other officer. Nothing new can happen to me, and I always feel confident that I shall succeed. The troops feel the same confidence in me. For that reason I firmly believe that if anything had happened to me at Waterloo the battle was lost. I told Lord Uxbridge so. * * * Soon after a ball hit him. It must have passed over me or my horse! But the finger of God was upon me."—Diary of Frances, Lady Shelley.

An Official Report on the Cat.

The commander of a commissariat department in one of the large Prussian towns received from the board of control the following official inquiry:

"Why was there a daily expenditure of 5 pfennig (about 3 farthings) for the cat of the military stores depot, while for the cat of the forage depot only 3 pfennigs were required for the purchase of milk?"

Not such an easy question!

The explanation officially furnished by the commander ran as follows:

"The cat of the forage department is nourished on the mice which have fattened on the corn and meal, but the cat of the military stores department has only the mice which get a scanty living by gnawing the leather straps. This is the reason for the extra expense for milk for the latter."

The explanation must have sufficed, for thereafter the milk ration for the depot cat remained undisputed.—London Tit-Bits.

Eyes That Become Stars.

The most remarkable belief or superstition concerning the human eye is one that is current in Australia. Among the natives of that country it is the general belief that the left eye of every chief becomes a star the moment the chief in question is done with it. The sun, they say, is the eye of the "greater god" and the moon the eye of the "lesser god." All the stars were once the left optics of human beings of high rank. Shungie, a celebrated chief, once ate the eye of a valiant chief, thinking thereby to increase the brilliancy of his own "eye star." But the eye burned through Shungie and killed him, whereupon his own left eye became joined to the one he had eaten, and the two may now be seen as a beautiful double star lying just to the east of the Southern Cross.

"Journal" and "Journey."

Strictly speaking a "journal" should be a daily publication, although the word no longer has that limited use. The case of "journey" is exactly comparable. Even to Chaucer it still meant a day's progress, and in the fourteenth century it was possible to speak of one country as being "fifty two journeyes" distant from another, a "journey" being reckoned usually as twenty miles. But "journey" calls up no suggestion whatever of a day now.

She Hated Flattery.

"I hate flattery," she said.

"Of course you do," he replied. "Every pretty girl does."

Then she drew a long, deep sigh and permitted him to press her cheek against his own.—Chicago Record-Herald.

An Uncrowned King of France.

The president of the French chamber enjoys an almost regal state. Every time he goes to his official palace in the Quai d'Orsay he is greeted by beating drums. Whenever there is a ministerial crisis he must be summoned by the president of the republic to give his advice. He receives what is an extraordinary salary for a French official—100,000 francs per annum. The appointment dates from the days of the convention. On Sept. 21, 1792, was held the debate by which the appointment was created. The first president was Petion, a violent Girondist. His six secretaries were also Girondists. It was symptomatic of the times that eight months later the seven were condemned to the guillotine by the deputies who elected them.

Presence of Mind.

Thus she reproached him:

"Alfred, this is the first time you have come to see me for more than a month!"

Thus he explained:

"Kitty, I've decided that when a young fellow can't keep from thinking of a girl every moment of his life it's time for him to quit seeing her."

"Kiss me, Alfred, dear."

He hesitated a moment—and was lost.—Chicago Tribune.

Artemus Ward's Account.

An Ohio man who attended the dedication of a monument recalled Artemus Ward's account of one of these ceremonies: "It was a fine parade, a very fine parade. The marching column was fully a mile and three-quarters long—as was the prayer of Dr. Chaplain, the chaplain."

TRINIDAD'S CURIOUS LAKE.

Its Mass of Asphalt With Its Islands and Its Eddies.

The asphalt lake at Trinidad occupies a depression of about 114 acres and is probably the center of an extinct volcano. It is a lake in most senses of the word, for there are well defined shores and islands scattered through it at intervals, and the surface is in constant motion. There are also movements which may be ascribed to currents and eddies. The center of the lake is about a foot higher than the edges, this relation being maintained, although the lake as a whole has been lowered by the constant removal of material from it.

The depth of the deposit is not accurately known, but the lake fills up quickly when the surface is removed. The surface is not level, but is composed of irregular tumescent masses of various sizes. As the spaces between are always full of water, these masses are prevented from coalescing. The softer part of the lake constantly evolves gas which consists largely of carbon dioxide and sulphureted hydrogen, and the pitch, which is honeycombed with gas cavities, continues to exhibit this action for some time after its removal from the lake.

The asphalt from Trinidad in its fresh state can be picked up and molded without soiling the hands. The substance is pulled apart on the surface with picks, and the pieces are carted away to the ships. In the bay of Cardenas, Cuba, asphalt is drawn up from the bed of the sea through eight or nine feet of water.—Harper's Weekly.

RIDDLES OF THE UNIVERSE.

A Scientist Says Science Really Knows Very Little.

I have been asked to define the word "energy." I cannot. Suppose that I should be asked, "What is the cause of light moving with the incessant specific speed of 186,383 miles during each successive second of time?" I would be utterly unable to reply. First, I cannot think of the cause of this unthinkable velocity. How answer? The fact is, science does not know what anything really is.

Electrons are the vanishing points. They are on the limit of knowledge, of even hope, of thought. All are agreed that they are electricity, but that does not help in the solution of any riddle of the universe.

It does not seem possible that science will come to an end in any attempt at explaining. Some new discovery surpassing all others may yet be made. Really, such a discovery must be made or science will come to an impenetrable wall, for we cannot at present think of mind, life or an electron. How progress or advance in search of anything if we are unable to think of it? This is a gloomy outlook, but just now it appears to be hopelessly impossible to discover any fact as to what mind, life and electricity are.

I have printed during thirty years that the human mind is illimitable in its powers, but I may be obliged to finally admit that it cannot find what itself is.—Edgar Lucien Larkin in New York American.

Conclusive.

Insurance Solicitor—Well, doctor, have you examined this new claimant? Doctor—No. I haven't thought it necessary. You see, I've been treating him for the last seven years. Insurance Solicitor—That's enough. If he has survived that he must be a person of wondrous vitality.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street. Smethport, Pa.

Do Not Forget

STRONG

when you need those new

MANTLES AND GLOBES

after housecleaning.

I carry everything in that line at all prices.

E. W. STRONG

WET WEATHER HOLDS BACK BIG FAIR.

(Continued from Page 1.)

labor in any hazardous employment; a bill regulating the erection of tenement houses; a bill regulating the hours and ages for night work—and for safety of electrical workers; and the initiative, referendum and recall bills, which he graphically explained and said were working to the entire satisfaction of a vast majority of the people.

The track was too wet for any of the race program to be given yesterday, but the Hippodrome Company put on several acts that were more than pleasing to those present. The running race between the riderless horse and one ridden by a jockey took mighty well and the fast time of :56 seconds for a half-mile on a heavy track was surprising; the Roman standing race made a great hit, but the most interesting event ever pulled off at the McKean County Fair was the Roman Chariot race. And this event alone had ought to draw enormous crowds for this afternoon and to-morrow.

The racing program for to-day and to-morrow is as follows, and part if not all of Wednesday's races will probably be sandwiched into these two days' sport, if the sun shines:

THURSDAY.

2:15 Pace	$300
2:24 Trot	300
Run, half-mile heats	150

FRIDAY.

Consolation race, run half-mile	$100
Faarmers' race, no entry fee	25

The High School field day sports on Friday promise to be more than usually exciting this year.

You will make no mistake in coming to the fair the last days.

Along the Lane.

The Wild West and Indian Village is being well patronized and is highly spoken of by all who attend. This is the biggest and probably the best show on the lane. This show which is owned by Austin & Marsh gave a high-class street parade yesterday. Don't fail to see it.

The Candy Kids are making a great hit with the boys who love the Oriental dance.

There is a great chance for the "gunner" in this section, as the shooting galleries are numerous.

Eats and drinks are served on every corner and there is no reason why you should go hungry or dry.

Last but not least is the W. C. T. U. rest room, where you will find a warm welcome, a cold glass of ice water and a comfortable chair, all free.

JUDGE BOUTON HEARS CASE.

He Startles Cambria County Attorneys by Taking Fearless Stand.

Ebensburg, Pa., Sept. 19.—Judge J. W. Bouton, of McKean county, who heard the case in which County Commissioner T. Stratton Davis was charged with graft, startled the members of Cambria county bar last evening when just as the Davis case was drawing to a close, he sharply reproved the attorney for the defense saying to the jury that he would prove conspiracy on the part of the former District Attorney, James W. Leech, to trap Mr. Davis. The Court said the defense had failed to prove conspiracy on the part of Leech or any one else.

Attorneys for the defense refused to examine Leech when he was offered by the prosecution and objected to examination of Leech by A. L. Cole, of Clearfield, an attorney sent here by the Mine Workers' Union to represent A. G. Anderson, county commissioner, and chief witness against Davis.

The Judge sustained the objection of the defense and then he himself asked Leech the questions Cole had desired ot put to the former District Attorney. Judge Bouton shattered all precedents in the Cambria county court and shocked the red tape-bound members of the bar by the manner in which he conducted the case.

"SHERRY" WELL RECEIVED.

The Kane Republican Criticizes This Excellent Play.

The following from the Kane Republican is a criticism of the play "Madame Sherry" which will be seen at the Smethport Lyceum next Monday evening, September 23: The return of "Madame Sherry" to Kane was greeted by a packed house at the Temple Theatre last evening. The company in some respects was superior to that of last season. A few of the leading characters were perhaps a little more pleasing and the music, which will never lose its merit, went with a little more vim.

Miss Beatrice McCabe's interpretation of Yvonne, the demure little convent girl, was indeed charming. She has grace, youth, good looks and her voice, while not so strong, is very sweet. Mr. Robert Wilson, as Edouard Sherry, the erring nephew, was exceptionally good, and he is the possessor of an excellent baritone voice. Miss Rosetta Nier, as Lulu, the actress, who [illegible] tion. "Every Little Movement," was well received. But as the uncle, Mr. Bert Merkel, was indeed splendid, always keeping the house in good humor; James Dullois, as Phillippe, Catherine's husband, and Margaret Chabauty, as Pepeta, the Spanish dancer, were also good.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Lola Green was a Bradford visitor last Friday.

Miss Adda Burch is the guest of Mrs. F. W. Brownell.

G. S. Rosecoma of Kane was a pleasant caller at this office Saturday.

Ex-Sheriff J. F. Davis of Bradford is greeting friends in town this week.

Miss Marguerite Knapp has returned home from a visit with friends in Austin.

Miss Anna Haley of DeGolia, Pa., is the guest of relatives and friends in town.

S. J. Gifford of Carthage, N. Y., has been a Smethport visitor for the past week.

Mrs. N. M. Day and Miss Mabel Day were the guests of Mrs. W. A. Andorfer at Kane over Sunday.

James McGowan, Jr., left Saturday for Meadville, Pa., to resume his studies in Allegheny college.

Mrs. A. G. Moulton and Miss Maude Moulton of Denver, Colo., are guests at the home of W. J. Kerr.

Miss Winifred Roeder has been called to Philadelphia and places near that city on a lecturing tour.

Allan Morrison has returned from Geneva, N. Y., where he was the guest of friends at Hobart College.

Miss Theo Gifford returned to Williamsport Monday after a short visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Gifford.

Hon. R. J. Hoffman of Bradford, Republican candidate for member of assembly, is greeting friends at the fair this week.

Guy Gifford of Olean has been in town for the past week, called here by the death of his mother, Mrs. Z. D. Gifford.

Miss Florence McIntyre of Simpson and Miss Lillian Boyd of New Castle, were guests of Miss Georgia Preston over Sunday.

Mrs. James McGuire who has been a guest of her daughter Mrs. John Ruffalo, in Youngstown, Ohio, returned home Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Knowlton and daughter, Miss Gladys, of Warren, Pa., are guests of their daughter and sister, Mrs. C. W. Lillibridge.

Mrs. Wm. Wright of Renova and Mrs. Thad Moore of Emporium were in town Saturday to attend the funeral of the late Mrs. Z. D. Gifford.

Everell Chadwick returned to Buffalo Monday where he will resume his studies in the medical department of the University of Buffalo.

Hon. Frank E. Baldwin, candidate for re-election as State Senator, has been spending the week in town, meeting old and new friends.

Mrs. J. T. Chisholm and granddaughter, Marjorie Horn, of Austin, visited at the home of the former's son, James T. Chisholm, over Sunday.

S. F. Redfield returned Tuesday from Syracuse, N. Y., where he had been for a few days to visit Mrs. Redfield, who is a patient at one of the hospitals in Syracuse.

Miss Beatrice Gifford, who recently entered a hospital in New York city for training, was called home last Thursday by the sudden death of her mother, Mrs. Z. D. Gifford.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weaver and son of Davis, W. Va., were called here the latter part of last week on account of the death of Mrs. Weaver's mother, Mrs. Z. D. Gifford.

Mrs. Orlo J. Hamlin who has been a patient at the Bradford hospital for some time was discharged from that institution Monday, and has returned to her home here, very much improved in health.

—A frank admission that a fault in his plans caused the dam at Austin, Pa., to collapse last September, causing many deaths and destroying much property, was made last Thursday at Washington, D. C., to the New England Waterworks association in convention at Congress Hall, by T. Chalkley Hatton, of Wilmington, Del., who designed the dam. Mr. Hatton attributed the fault of the dam to the fact that he had relied upon the imperviousness of the rock foundation in carrying out his construction. He also stated he was limited in expenditures for the dam construction to $35,000. He urged the need of a state dam inspector to pass upon all plans for dams.

—Coroner Sherman, of Bradford, was notified Tuesday of the death of Gus Sweander, who lived alone at Lafayette Corners. When neighbors failed to see the man about the house as usual, an investigation was made, and his dead body was found in bed. A brother-in-law visited Sweander the evening before and went home early. When he left, the man was apparently in good health. Heart disease was the probably cause of death. The coroner is making some further inquiries regarding the sudden death of the man. Undertaker Lantz, of Mt. Jewett, took charge of the body.

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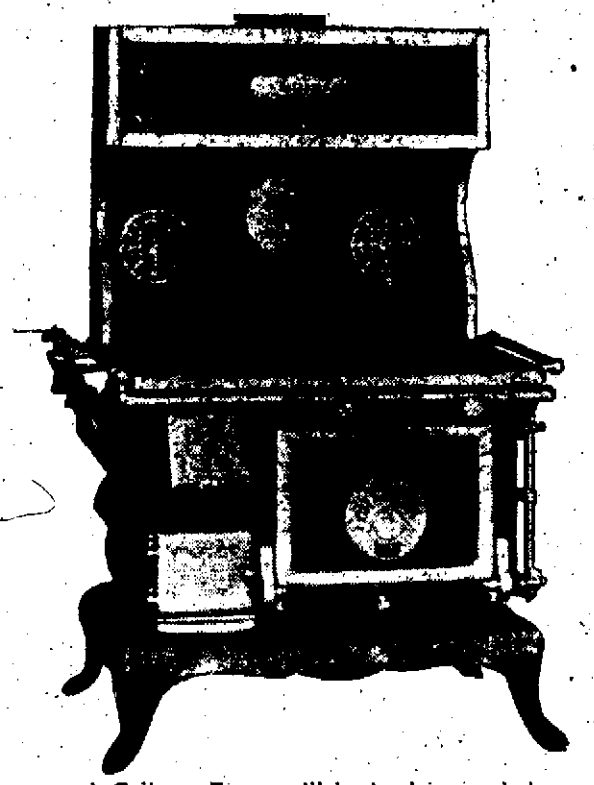

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6 lids for gas or 6 for coal. Can be changed from one fuel to the other in three seconds.

You can get your breakfast with Gas while building a coal fire.
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You can have hot water, whether burning coal or gas, without extra cost.
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A Culinary Expert will be in charge and show you the wonders of this range. How you can cook or bake with gas while you are burning trash or building a coal fire. It received the Highest Award at the Seattle Exposition. Aluminum Ware Given During Demonstration Week Only.

Remember the Date

September 30, to October 5

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Smethport, -:- Penna.

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